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"Let us begin by assuming that war has actually been abolished..."

—THE PEACE GAME

By Walter Millis

THE TANGLED TALENTS OF SIGI WEISSENBERG

By Jan Holcman

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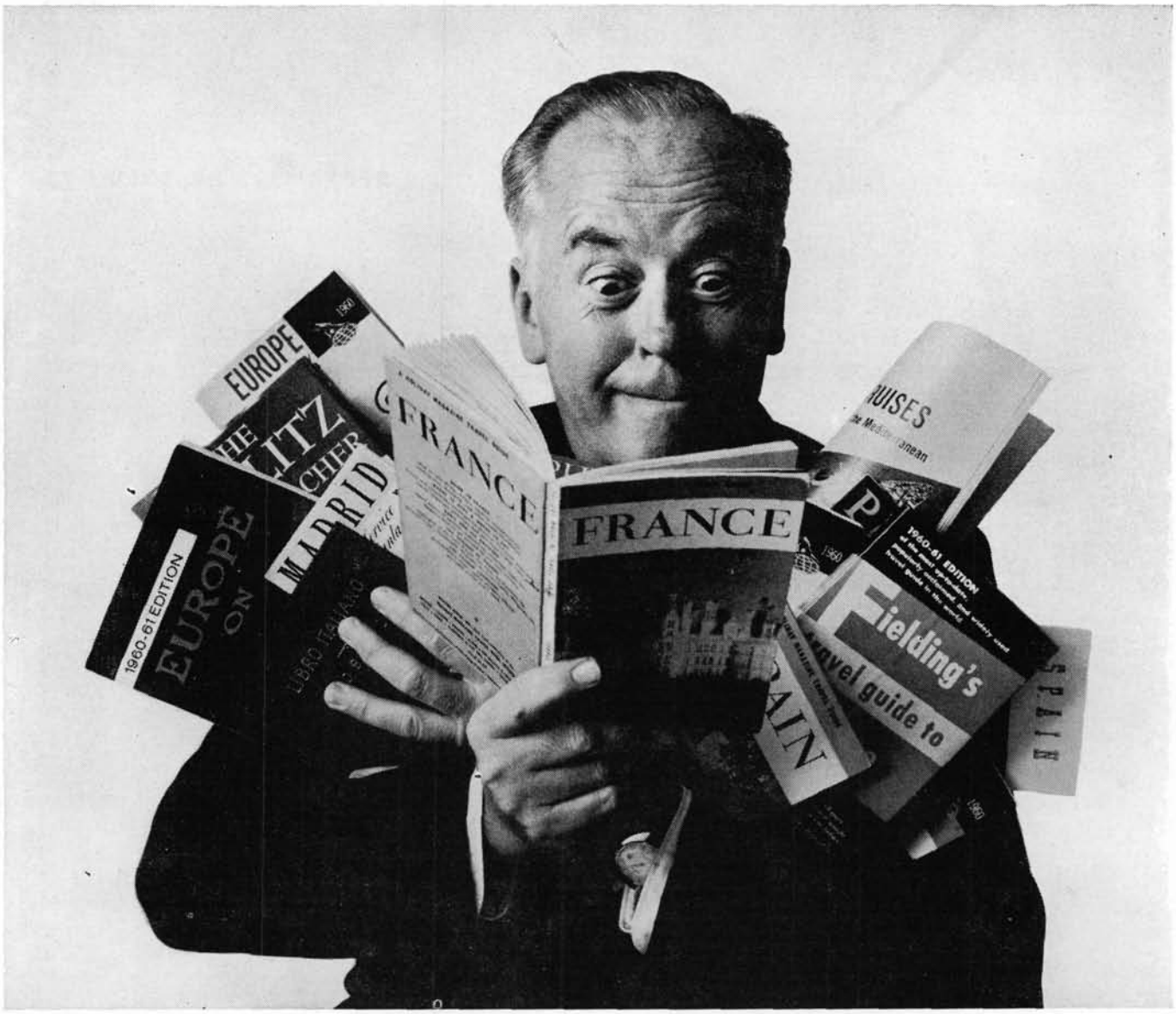

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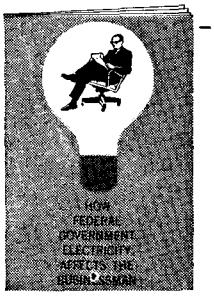

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There is, I think, a lot to be said for purposeful disorganization, especially in autobiographies. After all, looking back on one's own life, how organized was it? Whoever heard of life's important events happening in any orderly fashion, proceeding methodically from cause to effect?

The big advantage in organizing your life for a book is that you can call it an autobiography when you're done, and potential readers will have some idea of what they're in for. But if you "start at no particular time in your life; wander at your free will all over your life; talk only about the thing which interests you at the moment; drop it the instant its interest threatens to pale, and turn your talk upon the new and more interesting thing that had been intruded into your mind meantime," then what do you call the result?

Disdaining any existing term, Kyle Crichton calls his version of this process "Total Recoil." I think Mark Twain, the author of the remarks above, would have agreed with him. It is total in the sense that all the worthwhile things are there; "recoil," because there's a whiplash of wit in every incident. It's not chronological, though, and to this Mr. Crichton and I both say "so what?"

"Total Recoil" is a book of funny anecdotes, rash and sharp judgments by a man who works in the lopsided, over lapping worlds of literature and show business, it stands cheerfully alone in its own category.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Total Recoil" ($3.95), by Kyle Crichton, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore 12, Maryland.

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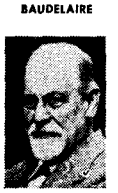
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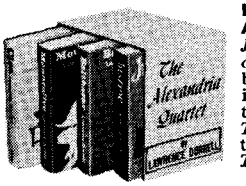

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TRADE Winds

A TELEVISION WRITER recently received a call from Bob Saudek, producer of "The Hour of Great Mysteries," the scripts of which are based on classic stories of that ilk.

"I'd like to talk to you," said Saudek, "about Stevenson's 'Suicide Club.'"

"Yeah, I know," said the writer, an ardent Democrat. "I'd like to join it myself."

WE RECENTLY BUMPED INTO Hollis Alpert, who was reacting in an unexpected way to the rave reviews of his new novel, "Some Other Time."

"It's terrible," he moaned. "All these raves do nothing but give me a guilty conscience about some of the nasty reviews I've done on other people's films. What's more, I'm scared to death that as a critic I'm going to become tenderized. They're killing me with kindness.

"You see," he went on, "this book is really my first novel, because it's autobiographical, and by tradition a first novel has to be autobiographical. So my real first book, 'The Summer Lovers,' was actually my second book, if you follow me."

We looked puzzled.

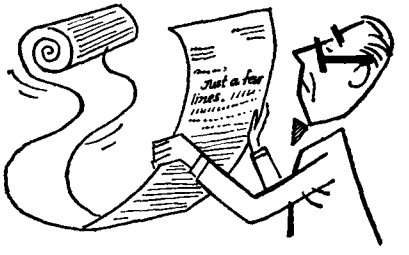
"Well, it's this way," he continued. "My second novel, which is really my first because it's autobiographical, got better reviews than my first, which was really my second. But here's the catch: even though my second-first novel is autobiographical, I don't figure in it as a character. As a matter of fact, in the book, I'm everybody. And also nobody. It's very complex. I get confused every time I think of it."

"What," we asked, "about your next novel?"

"That," he said. "will be my third novel, and it will definitely be my third."

WE OPENED OUR MAIL the other day to read this letter: "Dear Book Lover: The objective of this communication is to ascertain the feasibility of your sparing and providing space to one (1) review copy recently submitted to you under separate cover of the book 'Plain Letters' authored by Mona Sheppard. The aforementioned in our considered opinion, up to the present writing, is the *only* manual to have assembled together the basic fundamentals of successful business letter writing with emphasis on the shocking tendency everywhere across the country from coast to coast toward too many words: in short, excess verbiage."

The letter then went on in this vein for several hundred words, and it wasn't until we reached the signature that we discovered that this was a prank of Simon & Schuster's Bill Cole, who included the postscript: "The above is how we wrote *before* we read 'Plain Letters.'"



NEWS HAS REACHED this desk, as they say in the trade, that MacKinlay Kantor's new book, "Spirit Lake," will be considerably longer than "Andersonville," which weighed in at 350,000 words.

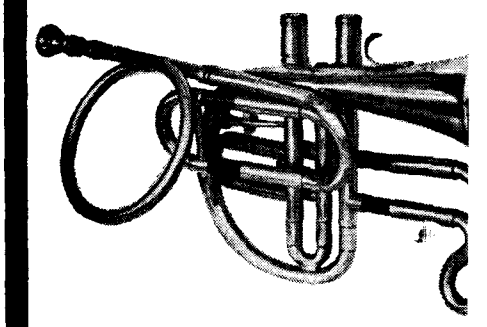
And while we're on the subject of weighty books, Democratic candidate John F. Kennedy has become a contributor to the new edition of Collier's Encyclopedia with a 600-word biography of Lucius Lamar, U. S. Senator from Mississippi in the late 1800s.

And still on the same subject, Trudy Drucker of Newark, N. J., swears she saw a customer, after buying a copy of the Columbia Encyclopedia, tell the bookseller: "Don't bother wrapping it; I'll read it here."

ONE INNKEEPER who is determined not to let summer hotel guests nourish their bodies without nourishing their minds is Walter Jacobs, who for over twenty years has made the Lake Tarleton Club in New Hampshire's White Mountains the delightful place that it is.

"Most of the hotels in the vacation business," Mr. Jacobs told us, "book a band and a few night club acts and let it go at that. We've got that, too. But over ten years ago I got the idea that artists, writers, musicians, and guests could relax and enjoy themselves up here in the mountains in a series of informal talks and forums. It's easy to rest your body—but your mind never rests, and you might as well fill it with good thoughts."

The result, as Horace Sutton has reported in these pages, has been a series of daily speakers and events known as the Festival of the Seven Arts, where golfers, swimmers, and tennis players sprawl on the lawn to listen and discuss the issues of art and the day. Bennett Cerf,



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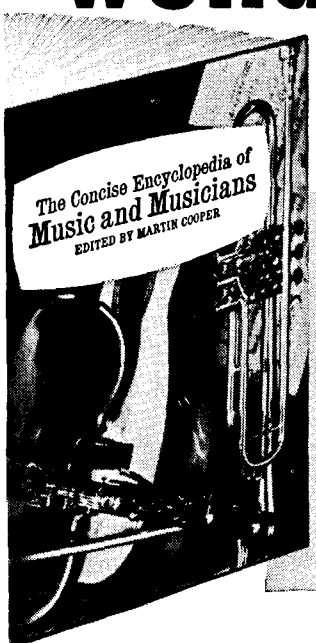

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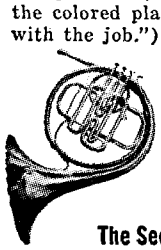

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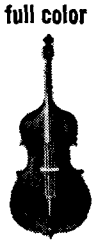

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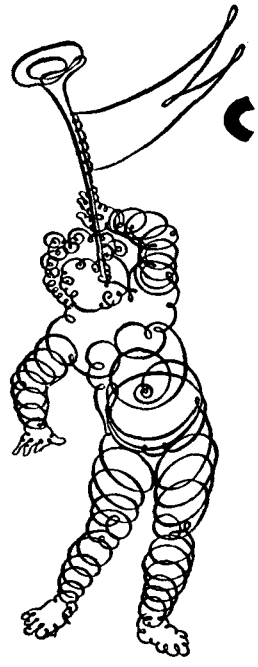

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Charles Jackson, Grace Metalious, Hal Boyle, Claire Luce, Thomas Benton, Al Morgan, and José Greco are just a few of those who have spoken in the series. Other hotels: Please copy.

EVEN THOUGH DANNY KAYE has signed a mammoth contract with CBS-TV for his first spectacular, "An Hour With Danny Kaye," he claims not to have a suit to his name.

"I hate suits," he told us when we dropped by his suite at the Sherry-Netherland. "They're not only unattractive, but they're completely unfunctional and uncomfortable."

Dressed in a tennis shirt and slacks, he leaned back comfortably on a sofa.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I've come to the conclusion that anything you *have* to wear, or anything you *have* to do, is a royal pain. I had tickets for all seven World Series games one year, and I thought I'd only have to use four or five of them. But the series went the full seven, and by the seventh day it was a chore to go out to the ball park. The theatre—well, I guess I never get tired of going to that, although too many days in a row can begin to wear you down. I'm crazy about golf, but when I get too much of it in a tournament it begins to be a bore."

But something Danny Kaye never had to do, except under his own steam, was to make half a dozen around-the-world trips for UNICEF and make two films for that organization.

"I just happen to like kids, I guess," he said. "A few years ago I was flying back from Europe and met Morris Pate, who was then Director General of UNICEF, and he told me about the wonderful work they were doing with underprivileged kids all over the world. You know, a lot of people don't have any idea of the quiet, constructive work the U.N. is doing. I figured I could do a little in making some of this better known. Next thing I knew, it exploded into a major project, and with the help of Paramount we came up with the documentary "Assignment: Children" for television. I'm afraid I don't check out too well as a cameraman myself, though. I discovered a terrific fight between a mongoose and a cobra when I was in India, grabbed a camera, and got some of the most beautiful angles you've ever seen through a view finder. But there was no film."

As a result of his UNICEF travels, Mr. Kaye has come up with "Danny Kaye's Around the World Story Book," which Random House will issue in October. It will contain 300 stories from all parts of the world, illustrated in full color.

"In every country I visited," he

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1016—The Kiss by Auguste Rodin (1840-1917). National Gallery of Art. Bronze reduction of original. Ht.: 12½". **$37.50** (shipped express collect).

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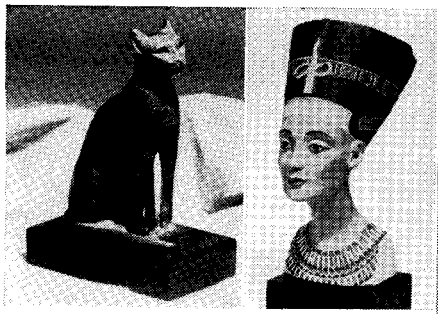

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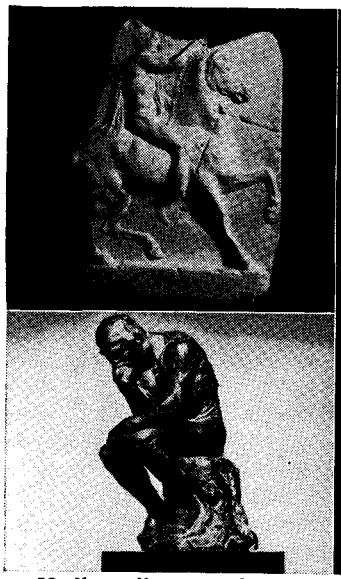

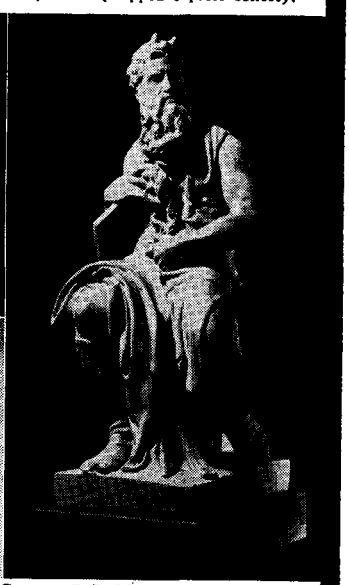

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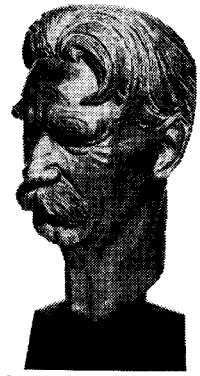

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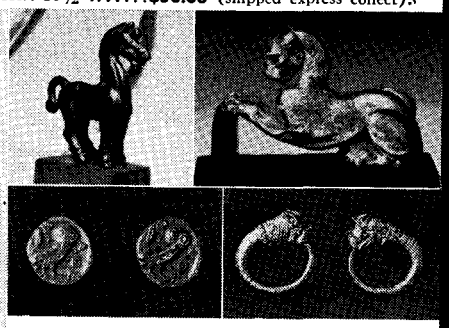

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said, "I found that nearly all the children's stories had the same substance. The youngsters in Burma, Turkey, France, and Persia all seemed to have the same wonder about life and the world. And if there is any single, universal comment from kids everywhere, *it's this*: 'Tell us again!' And then, if you go ahead and repeat a story to them, and you leave out a single detail, you're dead. In this book, the parents can tell it to them again—and not have to slip up on any details in the repeat performance."

DOLLY DAVIS, of G. P. Putnam's Sons, is angry about an item she read in the paper recently.

"Under a headline that read 'Decorating for Young Executives' was a photograph of a handsomely furnished apartment, featuring 'a wall of the dining area . . . covered with a bookcase patterned wallpaper.'

"Three-dimensional books are still being produced in America," she goes on, "and furthermore they are very attractively bound. We are bringing out a particularly good-looking book bound in decorator tones called 'Diana,' with smartly spaced gold letters across the spine. What's more, you can look inside and find a story. I am now working out a plan whereby volunteer workers from our editorial department will assist in bookshelf-building for Putnam patrons. We'll do anything to put real books back into the homes of young executives!"

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—JOHN G. FULLER.

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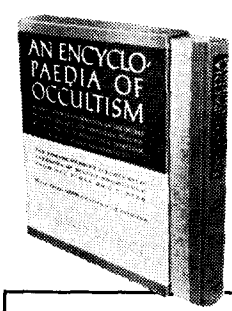

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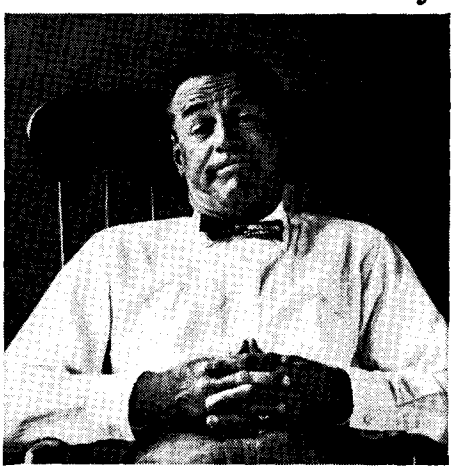

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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 24, 1960

THE PEACE GAME

By WALTER MILLIS

THIS INQUIRY begins with a recognition of organized war as one of the fundamental institutions of human society, comparable to the institutions of religion, law, and organized economic production—with all of which its history is closely interwoven and all of which it has helped to shape. It has been a salient feature of all societies—with the possible exception of a few isolated and primitive communities—of which we have knowledge. Like religion, law, or economic organization, it has been one of the enduring modes in the relationships of men.

Its brutal, destructive, and regressive aspects are only too apparent; but one must also recognize the fact that it has served important creative functions in the development of society. It must have powerfully reinforced the primitive cohesion of the family into the tribe and clan; it taught the necessity for cooperative and group action and nurtured our concepts of public service and social responsibility. Organized war presumably began as a mainly economic activity—in the defense of hunting ranges or their appropriation from other tribes. The ancient slave economies seem to have been virtually a creation of war, which supplied the capital through booty and the labor force by capture. War must have been an even greater stimulus to the ancient technologies—through its demands for improved weapons and military vehicles, such as chariots and war canoes—than it is to the technologies of today. War, finally, has served from time immemorial as the *ultima ratio* of international society, the means of reaching and enforcing decision of those issues which, unsusceptible to settlement in any other way, yet had to be decided for good or ill if the great society was to continue.

The author of this article, an editor-at-large of SR, is a leading military authority and a staff member of the Fund for the Republic's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. He has written a number of books on military affairs, including "Arms and Men" and several studies of the Second World War.

In these and other ways, the institution of organized international war has become so deeply imbedded in our economy, our law, our politics, even in many of our religious concepts, that it requires a really serious effort of the imagination to conceive of a world from which it had been eliminated. But however difficult it may be to imagine a world without war, this task is now forced upon us. Two propositions are, I think, irrefutable: That a continuation of the present state of international affairs is bound sooner or later to produce a catastrophe in which most civilized values and all of the present warring value systems must perish; and that no strategic inventions, no new "national security" policies, no jugglings with weapons systems and armaments are likely to alter this prognostication. What this says is that the system of organized international war, as we have known it through the ages, has reached a point of no return. Such useful or necessary social ends as it served in the past it can serve no longer, or can serve only at an ultimate price which has become intolerably exorbitant.

IT CAN no longer serve its greatest social function—that of *ultima ratio* in human affairs—for it can no longer *decide*. It can render the first judgment of Solomon—to slaughter the disputed infant—but cannot render the second, which was to award it alive and whole to one or the other of the claimants. Furthermore, war can no longer serve the other social values which have been attributed to it. War is losing whatever social utility it ever had, at the same time that it is exaggerating out of all reason the social costs which it has always exacted. It is ever more insistently confronting us with the dilemma between the total abolition of the war institution and the total abolition of civilized society. There have, of course, been numerous attempts to escape the dilemma—to find some formula, whether through theories of "limited war," through the control and reduction of armaments, through building them to new heights of defensive terror and efficiency, through political assuagement, or in other ways, whereby war can be retained as the convenient and comforting *ultima ratio* which it has always been, while at

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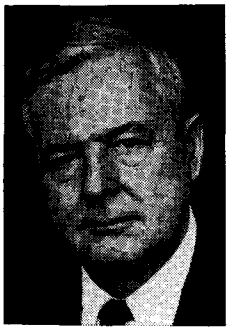
the same time divesting it of the cataclysmic consequences to which it now seems almost certainly to be leading. None of these attempts is persuasive. The problem is unsolved. This, it is here suggested, is probably because it is insoluble.

We are often told, for example, that "disarmament" is a subject of the greatest difficulty, calling for profound technical knowledge and the most sensitive intellectual expertise. We are told that in order to avoid disastrous mistakes we must proceed very slowly—so slowly that progress must be reduced virtually to zero, while the possible disasters attendant upon making no progress at all accumulate to gigantic proportions. But this notion of the "difficulty" of the subject is an illusion. Given a desire by all the great powers to disarm, there would be nothing very complicated about disarming; but given the desire (now firmly retained by all the great powers) merely to reduce the threats and burdens of arms while clinging tenaciously to the simplicities, the supposed securities, and the opportunities of the war system, the problem becomes one which all the technical and intellectual expertise in the world is unlikely to resolve. It is not just difficult; like "duplicating the cube," it is impossible.

About the turn of the century the physicists' instruments began more insistently to report to them facts about the physical world which could not be met or explained by the classical concepts of space, time, matter, and energy that had theretofore ruled as absolutes in the world of science. It was necessary, through the work of Einstein and others, to modify or even reject the classical assumptions in favor of startlingly new conceptual systems before physics could advance to its modern triumphs. In the world of international relations there are no analogues to the instruments of the physicists, capable of reporting to us with similar authority and exactitude the facts about the system with which we are attempting to deal. We do, however, have a wealth of bloody experience to serve somewhat the same function; and it appears to be transmitting a report of much the same kind. The problem of a "just and lasting peace" simply cannot be met or resolved by the classic concepts of the war system—the concepts of "defense," "aggression," "victory," "defeat," "freedom," "slavery," or "world domination" which we continue to bring to it. Is it possible to develop and apply to the field of international relations a new conceptual system under which the problem will become manageable? Let us begin by assuming that war has actually been abolished and that the nations have by voluntary agreement disarmed themselves totally, down to police-force level. Adopting this assumption, we shall make an attempt to establish institutional and conceptual systems which would be consistent with it. The institution of war, while obviously approaching the point of no return, serves many functions which to us seem indispensable. But by initially assuming a world which has abolished war, one can more clearly put the question of just what those functions are; how in such a world they would in fact be discharged; how such a world would operate; what systems of ideas and institutions would yield a viable international life under the assumed state.

A SOMEWHAT simpler way of stating the underlying notion is to say that it proposes a kind of game—a "peace game," analogous to the war games played in all earnestness by military staffs, and, while a game, no less serious in intent. The military men are endeavoring to prepare prospectuses, not of an international society at peace, but of an international society so deeply, so ineradicably, at war that it can be saved from self-destruction only by the most sensitive balance of the military forces, the most far-reaching forecast of all possible military moves. But we have been so exclusively war-gaming the future that the possible advantages of an attempt to "peace-game" it naturally suggest themselves. The war game starts by assuming an "aggression," or at the least the possibility of "aggression," and then continues to consider what politico-military measures must be taken to render the nation secure against such eventualities. Is it in any way more irrational, or even more ro-



AUTHOR'S NOTE: This article is a condensed version of a working paper prepared recently for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, established at Santa Barbara by the Fund for the Republic. It arose from a belief that the development of the mass-destruction weapons has brought us, perhaps for the first time in history, to a point at which it is possible seriously to consider the abolition of war itself—not as a Utopist vision of what we would like to have happen, but as a practical examination of what might happen and perhaps must happen if civilization is to survive.

The first response of most thoughtful persons to this idea is that the abolition of war is totally impossible. Without the institution of war, they say, there would be no way of dealing with those basic issues of justice, freedom, security, nationalism, and social and economic change in which war has always been the last recourse. Can one challenge this view? The paper from which this article has been excerpted makes a tentative first attempt to imagine a world in which such issues could be adequately dealt with in the absence of organized international war and of the weapons and military establishments involved in the war system. It offers no program for establishing such a world. It seeks simply to demonstrate that such a world would be a viable one; that it could provide both that degree of order and that possibility for change which are necessary to the continuance of a living international system.

Such a demonstration, even if persuasive, can offer nothing toward the formulation of immediate policy. The most it can do is to show that the goal of a world without war is not, either morally or practically, inherently unattainable. But that in itself would be a useful step toward its attainment.

In preparing the report I have benefited from the advice of I. I. Rabi, Harrison Brown, and James Real, consultants to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. In addition, the paper has recently been subject to intensive discussion by other consultants and associates of the Center, among them Adolf A. Berle, Jr., Scott Buchanan, William O. Douglas, Eric F. Goldman, Robert M. Hutchins, Father John Courtney Murray, Reinhold Niebuhr, and others. None of those named, however, is in any sense responsible for it; indeed, some of them were in strong disagreement with certain points, although it has been impossible to reflect their comments in this preliminary draft. It is expected to serve merely as a foundation for further work. The results of this work will be published in pamphlet or other form by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

—W.M.

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mantic, to start with the assumption of peace and then consider what politico-military measures would actually be required to insure the nation against the eventualities (by no means in all respects pleasant) which this situation would open? Peace has its perils and difficulties no less than war. In fact they are, or have seemed to be, so great that most people fear the prospect of peace (except, of course, as it can be obtained on "our" terms) almost as much as they fear the prospect of modern war. But where the war game has led to no exit from the impasse of our times, it is possible that the peace game may at least suggest possibilities of escape.

The Functions of War

IN THE PEACE GAME the players are asked to assume that peace has broken out—that the nations have abolished war by international agreement and ratified their undertaking by reducing their armaments to police-force level. They are then asked to say what could be expected to happen. Two kinds of things could be expected to happen. The abolition of war would remove from international society many of the fears and pressures under which it has always operated. The enormous sense of deliverance must be given proper weight in any theory of a warless world. But a second kind of thing would also happen. While many of the problems involved in the operation of our existing institutions would be reduced, others would arise; and new institutional arrangements of some kind would presumably have to be developed to meet them or to discharge those vital functions for the performance of which we have been accustomed to rely upon the war system.

In peace-gaming the future, the initial attempt must be to identify these vital or useful functions, in both the internal and the international society, now apparently performed by war and the war system. If this can be done with reasonable plausibility, the next step must be to suggest how, practically, these functions could be or might be provided for in a world which had agreed to abolish international war.

The functions of war are, in all societies, both internal and external. Although its internal functions are more apparent to us when we examine foreign societies than when we look at our own, an attempt to analyze those functions in terms of the American democratic system will have a certain general applicability.

The crude economic function is here the most obvious. About 10 per cent of American production and employment is generated directly by the requirements of the war system. The generation of this substantial fraction of total goods and services is an internal function of war which, in a warless world, would have to be fulfilled in some way.

The social functions of war are many. War promotes scientific and especially technological advance. It promotes education and public subsidies to education. By vastly expanding the military services and the civilian bureaucracy, it offers careers of honor and profit to able people who would otherwise be lost in the shuffle of routine operations.

The political functions of the war system in the domestic organization of any society are prominent. War's cohesive force for any given society is tremendous, and it is no accident that the authors of the American Constitution phrased the Preamble as they did: "To provide for the common defense and the general welfare." Defense came before welfare; and it is at least doubtful whether the Constitution could have been written and adopted unless this had been the generally accepted idea of the functions of government in the late eighteenth century. The necessity for providing for a common defense has always been the most powerful bond of internal unity and domestic institutions of order. We are familiar with the fact that in Russia the threat of external war is a major disciplinary and organizational element in the functioning of the domestic system. We do not so readily recognize the similar functions which the Cold War fulfills in our own organization, but there can be no doubt that they are real and could not easily be discarded by any society, not excluding our own.

It is, however, the external functions of the war system with which most are concerned. Once really faced with the problem, we could, no doubt, convert both our military industry and our military bureaucracy to peaceful uses without too much difficulty; we could find other sanctions for the indispensable requirements of unity and social cohesion. But how would we meet the great problems of international order, peace, justice, economic organization, and "power," which have always been confided, in the final analysis, to the arbitrament of organized international war?

The function of war which comes first to the minds of most is the protection of the territorial integrity of the state. All nations normally base their military policies on the maintenance of the inviolability of their frontiers; and no nation is likely to abandon its military defenses until it is insured in some way against the violent invasion or appropriation of its territory.

No completely static world order could, however, be expected to endure. It has also been a major function of war to provide for the revision of national boundaries, the reallocation of peoples or ethnic groups among the national sovereignties, the creation of new sovereign states, and the suppression of those which, for whatever reason, seemed no longer viable. A world without war would, if it were to survive, have to allow for such changes in some way.

In the past, at any rate, war has similarly provided the major instrument

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Flyer out of Formation

By Granville Hicks

ONE OF the notable first novels of 1959 was "Mrs. Bridge," by Evan S. Connell, Jr., which had considerable popular as well as critical success. Its popularity is a little puzzling, since it tells no story in the ordinary sense of the word, but critical applause is understandable enough, for this is a brilliant performance. In more than a hundred brief passages Connell gives us a picture of a middle-class woman who is insulated from life and is dimly aware of the fact. Hollis Summers in *SR* [Jan. 31, 1959] spoke of Connell's "pointillist" technique, and the term is well chosen. After we have seen Mrs. Bridge in a multitude of trivial situations, we know her as we know few characters in fiction. The skill with which Connell selects his details is impressive, and so is the assurance with which he maintains exactly the right tone towards his heroine.

Now Connell has published his second novel – "**The Patriot**" (Viking, $4.95)–and, unfortunately, it is a long step backward. It is weak at exactly the points at which "Mrs. Bridge" is strong: that is, the author has not been selective enough, and he has failed to maintain a consistent tone.

"The Patriot" describes six or eight years in the life of Melvin Isaacs, who is seventeen when the novel begins, and has just enlisted as a Naval Air Force cadet. Approximately half the book is devoted to an account of Melvin's training–in Iowa, at Albuquerque, in Georgia, and finally at Pensacola. Connell himself was in the Naval Air Force, and it is obvious that he has made use of his experiences. Much of this material is in itself excellent, but there is more of it than is necessary, and the clutter of detail obscures the character of Melvin Isaacs, which is Connell's main concern.

At the outset Melvin seems a kind of Sad Sack, a kid with a gift for doing things the wrong way. He is contrasted with his roomate, Sam Horne, who always knows what is expected of him and always manages to turn in a satisfactory performance. It is Melvin who gets into trouble on a so-called survival trip, Melvin who gets into a jam with a girl, Melvin who is always being punished for violating this or that rule. That he isn't thrown out of the training program amazes him and everyone else.

Melvin's errors and escapades often seem comic to his fellow-cadets, but Connell does not treat them humorously. Gradually we realize that Melvin is a misfit in a rather profound way; something deep within him balks at being adaptable. There is for instance, the episode of the whisky bottle, which becomes a legend on the base. The cadets are in the habit of bringing in whisky in shoe boxes, and when the guard asks them what they have, they say, "Shoes." The guard, of course, knows better, but he has carried out his orders, and that is all that matters to him. Melvin, however, cannot bring himself to tell the necessary lie, though the guard begs him to do so, and his liquor is confiscated.

All of Melvin's doubts and fears come to a head in an implausible interview with an implausible officer, and, though he is on the verge of receiving his commission, he decides to quit the program. He makes a last flight, which turns out to be the maddest of all his exploits, and wrecks his plane. (Connell's description of the flight is quite splendid.) Inevitably he is washed out.

This might conceivably be the end of the story: what one of Melvin's com-

rades calls his "suicidal independence" seems to have done its work. But Connell is not finished with Melvin. He hurries him through his training as an ordinary seaman and on to a base in Texas, where his only job is to gather up the golf balls on the officer's driving range. (This episode is rather fine in a Kafkaesque way, but the tone is out of keeping with what has gone before.) At last the war ends, and Melvin is discharged.

His ordeal, however, has not ended. Defying his father, who is a lawyer and wants his son to be one, Melvin goes to study art at the University of Kansas on the G.I. Bill. He joins a fraternity, and that, naturally, turns out badly, but his major misadventure is with his art. A bull he has fashioned out of a discarded baby buggy wins a prize at a student exhibit, and Melvin finds himself an object of flattering attention. Some of his abstract paintings are sold, and he begins to take himself seriously. (Connell resorts to satire of the broader sort in his account of the critics.) For a time Melvin is pretty cocky, but at last he sees through the fraud he is perpetrating and gives it up.

Meanwhile he has married and his wife is going to have a child. Now, when his fortunes are at the lowest, he receives a notice that he is subject to the draft and is to report for a physical examination. Having spent a good deal of time in meditating on the futility of war, Melvin resolves to go to prison rather than engage again in military service. An encounter with Sam Horne, who has stayed on in the Naval Air Force, strengthens his conviction.

At last Connell is ready to end the book–on a note of savage burlesque. Melvin's father, as we have seen from the beginning, is an ardent militarist, cherishing the wartime exploits of his ancestors, reliving with relish his own experiences in World War I, parroting the patriotic slogans of the moment. Now he appears in Melvin's apartment, full of enthusiasm for "the forthcoming war between America and the godless despots of the Soviet Union," and bearing a garbage can stocked with items needed for survival in case of atomic attack. Melvin tells his father to leave, and to take the garbage can with him. He will not live underground, he says, and he will not fight in another war. "What will you do?" his father asks. "I don't know," he replies. "But I know what I won't do."

That, I suppose, is intended to sum up Melvin's character. But as a study of a dissenter the novel lacks coherence and point, for many of the episodes have no clear bearing on the theme, and only at moments is Melvin fully comprehensible. (Mark Harris in "Something About a Soldier" wrote a much more satisfying account of the intellectual development of a bewildered youth.) Nor can the book be taken seriously as a sermon against war. For one thing, the chief exponent of militarism, Melvin's father, is made into a perfect fool in the closing scene. For another, we are never shown how Melvin's crucial decisions grow out of his experiences.

Connell is wholly in earnest, and many pages prove that he is a writer, but there would be little reason to pay attention to the book if it weren't for "Mrs. Bridge." I can't help wondering if "The Patriot" wasn't in fact written before that book. That is what it seems like–a first novel, more or less autobiographical, well meant but fumbling.

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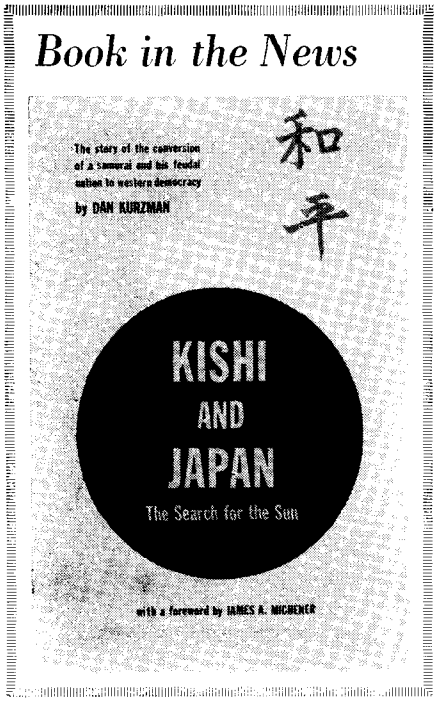
Book in the News


The story of the conversion of a samurai and his feudal nation to western democracy
by DAN KURZMAN
和平
KISHI
AND
JAPAN
The Search for the Sun
with a foreword by JAMES A. MICHENER

By PAUL S. DULL, *professor of Japanese history at the University of Oregon, who is working on a book that will be entitled "From Yoshida to Kishi: A Study of Post-Occupation Japanese Politics."*

THE JAPANESE riots in protest against the passage of a new United States-Japan Security Treaty, which culminated in early June in days (and nights) of tumultuous disorder in Tokyo and forced the cancellation of President Eisenhower's visit, caught the American public by surprise. To some it was as if a friend whose amity had been complacently assumed had suddenly resorted to face slapping. To others the questions naturally arose: Were the Japanese really turning anti-American? Was Japan going Communist? Most have felt that they needed to be brought up to date on Japan, for the commonly held image did not seem to fit the facts. Thus Dan Kurzman's **"Kishi and Japan"** (Obolensky, $5.95) could not have been published at a more fortunate time (both for him and for us). Kurzman's good luck is that a book that took three years to write can take advantage of American puzzlement about the Japanese scene; the American public's good fortune is that the events of this year are placed in perspective in the flow of Japanese history.

"Kishi and Japan" is a full-scale biography of Japan's eighth postwar premier, an essay on the history that produced him, and a depiction of the environment of the present-day Japan in which Kishi had to operate. Thus the questions of the American public are not given direct and facile but superficial answers, for the Japanese (or any other people) cannot be understood by such devices. Kurzman does give an analysis in some depth from which legitimate answers may be constructed. Again, fortunately, Kurzman chose Kishi as his subject, for, if one can understand Kishi, one can understand the nature of the conservative power by which Japan has been ruled in modern times. No other postwar premier possesses a career so closely parallel to the tortuous course that Japan's international and national policies have followed in the twentieth century.

Kurzman is difficult to place in a scale of authors. As a journalist he could be expected to do competent depiction of 1960 Japan. But it takes a scholar to reconstruct two millennia of history, and a man of letters to take on the rigors of biographical writing. Kurzman is a master in meeting the first requirement. His narration almost transports one to the isolation of Kishi's garden and to the noisy spectacle of the ever-changing, ever-absorbing, ever-contradictory Tokyo panorama. The author's accomplishment in this respect reflects his understanding of the Japanese people, from farmer, factory worker, to prime minister—and the environment in which they live, from cabarets to cabinet conferences. If Kurzman is an excellent journalist, he is still not the finished historian. His over-all view of Japanese history is, in the main, adequate and reflects a serious attempt to understand the Japan of today by looking back at the Japan that has been. It is at the occasional errors and misinterpretations that the professional historian would niggle. Oda Nobunaga was not a *shogun*; Hideyoshi did not invade China in addition to Korea. He had only planned to do so.

This leaves the biographer to evaluate. Kurzman has wisely perceived that Kishi's life could take on meaning only if it were used as a thread interwoven in the larger fabric of his historical environment. However, at times the biographer has allowed the individual thread to become the pattern of the cloth. This is a real danger in biographical writing: the subject begins to dominate the scene rather than being—along with many others who could replace him without a serious change in the course of history—a product of the times. Few indeed are the biographees who are Napoleons or Hitlers.

Kurzman as a biographer is best when Kishi meets adversity, less than best when Kishi is in power, for he is disinclined to analyze the complex forces that placed Kishi there and to overemphasize Kishi's control of those forces. The handling of Kishi's relationship to his Liberal-Democratic Party colleagues comes first to mind. Thus Kishi isn't the paragon that Kurzman occasionally creates, but he is probably close to the man whom the author most of the time would have us meet. The chapter on Kishi in Sugamo prison is excellent biographical writing; it will be the rare reader who through it will not empathize with the Japanese premier.

The author proves that if a news correspondent will exert the necessary effort (and I suspect happily that in Kurzman's case this has included a study of the Japanese language), and will develop a genuine curiosity about individuals in a foreign environment, these, combined with narrative skill, can produce a book of both scholarly and literary merit.

—From the book.

Nobusuke Kishi and Dan Kurzman—"understanding of the Japanese people."

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PERSONAL HISTORY

A Natural World of Make-Believe

"Now I Remember: The Autobiography of an Amateur Naturalist," by Thornton W. Burgess *(Little, Brown. 338 pp. $5), in its recapitulation of the author's first eighty-six years, recalls five decades of Peter Rabbit and Reddy the Fox. Joseph Wood Krutch's nature studies include "Twelve Seasons."*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

THEY say that a new Sunday school teacher once asked the kindergarten class if they all knew who Peter was. After a long pause came a tentative answer from the back row: "I fink he was a wabbit."

Now Thornton W. Burgess is not solely responsible for this eclipse of a Disciple, because he borrowed the name from an English book. He is, nevertheless, the most read nature writer who ever lived and has, I venture to guess, contributed more syndicated feature stories to the newspapers than any other columnist of any kind. For nearly fifty years his daily "Bedtime Story" has appeared in nearly everybody's home-town paper, and there are now, so he says, 15,000 of them extant.

To his credit, he has also written dozens of volumes for children, one of which, "The Bird Book," is still selling briskly after forty years. But the popularity of the "Bedtime Stories" is unrivaled. Parents who grew up on them inoculate their children with the virus, and they in turn pass it on to still another generation. Sometimes, the grandparents do not themselves recover, as witness the story vouched for by the biographer of Judge Harold R. Medina. During the long and exasperating trial of the thirteen Communists in 1949 the Judge retired every morning to his chambers for a short recess. There he opened the *New York Herald Tribune* to the page where the "Bedtime Story" appeared and read carefully the latest adventures of Peter Rabbit, Reddy the Fox, and the rest.

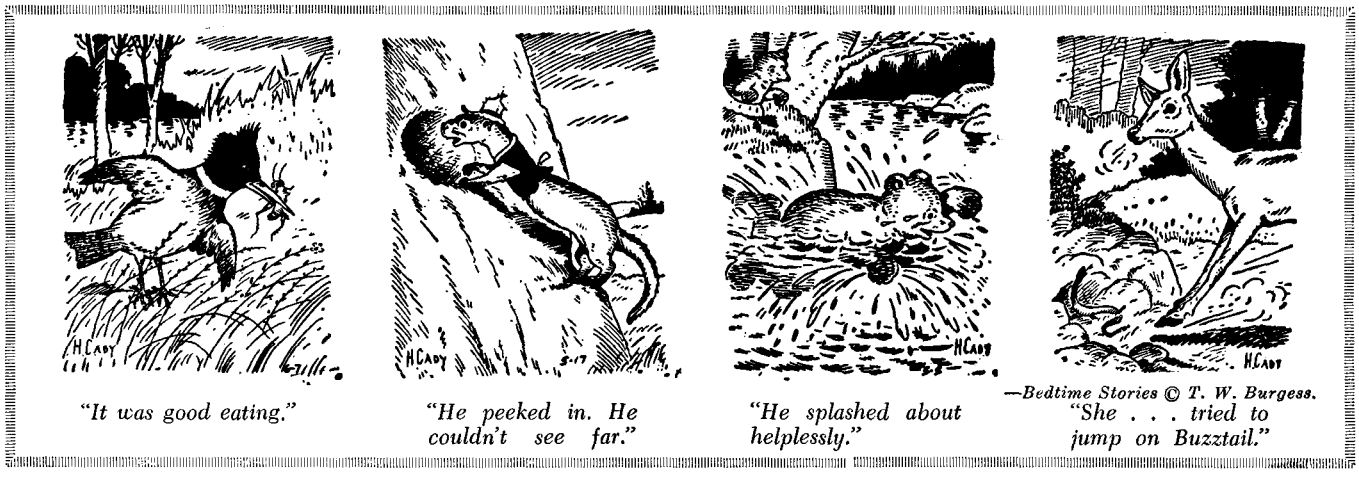
At eighty-six Mr. Burgess is, like his seemingly endless chronicle, still going strong—strong enough indeed to have just published a youthfully zestful and maturely modest autobiography that would be interesting as a story of growing up in a vanished America even if its author were not a household name. Born on Cape Cod, he was reared in poverty by a widowed mother, whom he helped out with so many different odd jobs that by the age of twelve he was earning at least enough to buy his own clothes. He got no formal education beyond the elementary grades and, although familiar from childhood with the out-of-doors, was aware of no special vocation for natural history; he knew only that he did not want to spend his life at the bookkeeping a relative sent him to business school to learn. Vaguely attracted to printer's ink, Burgess became office boy for a farm publication, then drifted into the writing of advertisements and "fillers" until the chance came to do some "nature pieces," which caught on at once.

Mr. Burgess makes no elaborate attempt to analyze the combination of characteristics responsible for his astonishing (and astonishingly durable) success. Children like stories about animals, and they also like simple statements of fundamental moral principles—never absent from a "Bedtime Story." Despite the common belief that children are cruel, they apparently also like the gentleness that has led Mr. Burgess to avoid violence and (unlike the Disney films, for instance) to deal seldom with the "red in tooth and claw" theme.

The author says the most embarrassing moment in his life occurred when a group of distinguished scientists, holding a conference, asked him to tell them a "Bedtime Story," and he did so—treating them like children and successfully inviting childlike answers to the questions he asked.

Official science is notably impatient with popularizers, and to most scientists "anthropomorphism" is the unforgivable sin. Yet Mr. Burgess has a gold medal from the New York Zoological Society and another from the National Conservation Society, as well as approval from such bigwigs as the eminent naturalist William T. Hornaday. Perhaps the answer is that the "Bedtime Stories" distinguish fact from fancy so clearly that even the childish mind knows perfectly which is which. They are not Aesopian fables. For the most part the natural history is sound. The *dramatis personae* do not usually *do* things real animals would not do. And if they talk about them as only human beings could, the convention is too patent to be misleading.

One wonders how on earth anyone could write 15,000 such tales. Mr. Burgess's answer is: By writing them one at a time. Each story announces at its conclusion what tomorrow's will be about. Further than that he never thinks ahead.



"It was good eating."

"He peeked in. He couldn't see far."

"He splashed about helplessly."

"She . . . tried to jump on Buzztail."

—Bedtime Stories © T. W. Burgess.

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The Fraternal Collaborators

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Edmond and Jules de Goncourt—"a life in common."

"The Goncourt Brothers," by André Billy *(Horizon. 338 pp. $6.50), by the very mass of its detail, reveals an extraordinary literary twosome and the Parisian milieu in which this Damon and Pythias lived, wrote, and gossiped together. Roger Shattuck's "Banquet Years" was published in 1958.*

By Roger Shattuck

WORDS, impressions, ideas, gossip—a writer subsists on nothing else. And one must never forget gossip, even though fancier terms have replaced this one. The Goncourt brothers, writers and chroniclers of French literary life in the latter half of the nineteenth century, used too many words for our taste and had for the most part misguided ideas. But in an era teeming with scandal and sacrifice they never squandered an impression, and they came close to finding the secret, known to a few like Boswell and Saint-Simon, of good gossip. The Goncourts's double career is well worth a biography.

Their name has retained currency far beyond France because of the important Prix Goncourt awarded annually by their Académie Goncourt to the best work of imagination, and because of the informative yet often tiresome "Journal des Goncourt," their "nightly confession," recently republished in its uncensored entirety. Few people know, however, that these two brothers, born in 1822 and 1830, devoted themselves so exclusively to the life of letters that their dedication can be compared to that of Mallarmé, the symbolist poet. So states André Billy, their fair-minded biographer.

They were born to scantily independent means and an aristocratic outlook; literature as a career carried them toward the flourishing artistic bohemia and the suffering lower classes. Edmond de Goncourt, a man of reserved disposition, showed unflagging protective affection for his spirited younger brother, Jules, who originally wanted to be a painter. Enjoying a rare sympathy of spirit to the extent that they shared the same apartment, the same desk, and (on occasion) the same mistress, the brothers collaborated from the outset in a long literary progress through journalism, the writing of social history, novels, plays, art criticism, and personal memoirs. By perseverance, a certain genuine talent, and what were then considered shocking subjects, they had made their mark by the time Jules died in 1870 of syphilis contracted many years earlier. Their novel "Germinie Lacerteux," published in 1865, remains a remarkably perceptive account of the slow corruption of a servant girl come to Paris from the provinces. The Goncourts were not romantics.

Shattered by the loss of his brother, whom he believed to be the truly creative half of their partnership, Edmond nevertheless went on to write several more novels, adapt others for the theatre, and edit nine volumes of their Journal. In the house at Auteuil near Paris, known for its collection of Oriental *objets d'art*, Edmond inaugurated a weekly gathering of writers and painters called the *Grenier* after the second-story room where they met every Sunday afternoon. Mallarmé was starting his famous *mardis* at just the same period, and these two groups represent roughly the two literary schools that dominated the last fifteen years of the century: naturalism and symbolism. Edmond died in 1896 in the summer home of Alphonse Daudet, his oldest friend.

Several factors make the Goncourts's story a singular one. Most obvious is their collaboration: the brothers signed everything together, even letters, and in social conversation often spelled one another in developing the same idea. Their friends were charmed, mystified, and not a little jealous of their self-sufficiency and their tranquil private life. In their theory and practice of writing, however, there existed a double cleavage. As realists or naturalists they portrayed their subjects with uncompromising fidelity; yet a fetish for "fine writing" cloyed their style. Although literature was to them an aristocratic art, they increasingly favored lower-class subjects. Princesse Mathilde, Napoleon's niece who for long received them in her salon, came close to the mark when she observed, "What a way you have of writing things that are so much unlike yourself! It's abominable!" Proust singled out a deeper peculiarity when he wrote a devastating pastiche of their Journal in the last volume of his novel and then remarked with scathing irony, "The prestige of literature!"

IN THEIR novels as in their Journal the Goncourts leave unresolved the fundamental question of where reality, *la vraie vie*, finally lies. They never understood and surpassed, as Proust did, the paradox of feeling both a passion for meticulous observation of people and things and a profound boredom with life. After one of their first dinners with Sainte-Beuve and the romantic poet Alfred de Musset, their description in the Journal concludes pathetically: "You stupidly believe it will be like a novel, it is merely a drawing room." This sense of unreality and illusion constantly hobbles their work; they never learned that creation, the secret of life as much as of art, lies just here.

André Billy, prominent member of the Académie Goncourt, has a long

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career of biographical writing behind him. Yet this volume (slightly condensed in its competent English translation) reveals its subjects only by the mass of detail it assembles, not by any illuminating arrangement of the materials nor by any penetrating analysis or comment. The chronology becomes confusing, and one occasionally detects the dry shuffling of notes as topics are brought up in arbitrary order. Little new light is cast on the circumstances and significance of the brothers' collaboration or on the relation between the Journal and the other works. The brief concluding paragraph provides an object lesson of the kind of preening and gratuitous false modesty every biographer should avoid: "Edmond had no capacity for contentment. Would he be content with his biographer? The latter does not venture to think so."

Nevertheless André Billy, like his subjects, is strong on impressions and gossip. And despite its uninspired style, this biography conveys a sense of the astonishing self-satisfied richness of literary Paris in the last century. Flaubert, Daudet, Saint-Beuve, Zola, Gauthier, Gavarni, and Maupassant move easily through these pages in credible postures. Billy also contrives to paint a convincing portrait of fraternal love. The life in common of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt was natural and fruitful. More than many writers, they made a home where they lived, worked, and died.

Notes of a Gentle Victorian

"With Dearest Love to All: The Letters and Life of Lady Jebb," by Mary Reed Bobbitt *(Regnery. 277 pp. $5), conveys the times and personality of a charming helpmeet to two striving men. Robert Halsband is research associate in English at Columbia University. His "Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu" has just been published in an expanded, paperback edition.*

By Robert Halsband

UNTIL attics totally disappear from American houses, many of them will continue to shelter bundles of old letters—redolent of dust and eau de cologne, their paper yellowed and ink faded, perhaps forgotten by their owners. Mrs. Bobbitt was lucky enough to find several shoeboxes of letters written to her grandmother; and, family piety aside, she has done well to untie the parcels and show them to a wider public. Her book is a pleasant bit of Victoriana, bringing forth an interesting woman and her era.

Carrie Reynolds was born in Pennsylvania in 1840, the daughter of a clergyman who had emigrated from England. Married to a dashing but dull Army lieutenant, she was at Pensacola at the outbreak of the Civil War and, without shouldering a gun, acted with conspicuous bravery in the defense of Fort Pickens. Later, when she felt that her husband was being outranked by newcomers, she traveled to Washington, made her way into Lincoln's office, and won a promotion for him. (In her diary a few years later she noted laconically: "Mr. Lincoln was assassinated the night of Good Friday. . . .")

After the war, until his sudden death, she traveled to various Army posts with her husband, a general by then. As a very pretty, cultivated, and restless widow of twenty-eight, what could she do? Since she had many cousins in England, she went off to visit them—her talent for attracting men weathering the Atlantic crossing. In Cambridge one of her persistent suitors was Richard Jebb, the classical scholar, whose proposal Carrie finally accepted—because of a dream, she subsequently claimed. Signed usually "With dearest love to all," her letters to American relations exemplify the success story of a busy scholar's wife in the very congenial atmosphere of academic Cambridge. (A very different picture from C. P. Snow's "The Masters.")

Although Jebb accepted the Greek chair at Glasgow, he kept the Cambridge house, and returned there with his "Cara" to spend long vacations among their friends. And eventually when the incumbent of the Cambridge chair of Greek died, Jebb was elected to it. He continued to work and to amass honors—including representation in Parliament for the university and a knighthood bestowed by Queen Victoria. By her charm and intelligence Lady Jebb had helped him in his public life. She also brought him great private happiness until, worn out by overwork, he died in 1905. After a period of travel, Carrie returned to the States, where she lived until her death at the age of ninety.

Since letters and diary-excerpts make up the bulk of this book, its interest rests ultimately on the literary talent and scope of experience of its writer. Lady Jebb qualified in both. She encountered many interesting people, some of whom became her friends: the Darwins, Balfours, Tennysons, Thackerays, Leslie Stephen, George Eliot, James Russell Lowell.

Of Mark Twain, whom she met in 1895, she wrote: "He is a gentle unpolished creature with thick gray hair standing out about four inches all over his head. He talks steadily, and he likes very well to stand up and tell rather prolix stories to the whole assemblage." Her introduction to another eminent novelist moved her to comment: "George Eliot, old as she is, and ugly, really looked very sweet and winning in spite of both." Compare this to Henry James's impression (in one of his letters) and we can see the difference between talent and genius:

> She is magnificently ugly—deliciously hideous. She has a low forehead, a dull gray eye, a vast pendulous nose, a huge mouth full of uneven teeth and a chin and jawbone *qui n'en finissent pas* . . . now in this vast ugliness resides a most powerful beauty which, in a very few minutes, steals forth and charms the mind, so that you end, as I ended, in falling in love with her.

Lady Jebb's talent, however, was ample enough to give us a sense of her personality and of her times in her letters. They contain some charming bits of period details. When she played tennis she protected her complexion with a little black nose-bag. For the student of costume her observations are valuable. In Paris she was amused by the new mode: skirts so long that ladies had to keep them hitched up behind by holding them continuously with their left hands. And the abundant illustrations, mostly family portraits, convey a strong sense of atmosphere.

Inevitably in a long series of letters there are dry patches. And Mrs. Bobbitt's narrative framework is too loose, her documentation sometimes inadequate. Still, those shoeboxes of letters were worth rescuing.

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FICTION

Black Market in Brains

—Alfred Knopf.

John Hersey—"anguish . . . hope . . . fury."

***"The Child Buyer," by John Hersey** (Knopf. 258 pp. $4), caricatures what the novelist sees as the current corruption of education. Frank G. Jennings, editor-at-large of Saturday Review, is the director of the Library Club of America.*

By Frank G. Jennings

MR. HERSEY is an angry man. He is to be honored for both the quality and the object of his anger. For more than ten years now he has been consumed by a passion for what American education has to be, and by a hate for what it is not. He began as an amateur in the true and narrow sense of that word. He has become an educator in that word's widest meaning. Gladly did he learn; now he is driven to teach.

There are anguish and hope and fury in his method. He lays about with the power of a bulldozer. Peopling the world of his book with a group of grotesques, he almost achieves that mad, twisted reality Jonathan Swift could create. The shattering pity of it all is that Hersey has failed, not gloriously, but lamely.

A morality tale set in a not very mythical New England town, "The Child Buyer" spans five days of meetings by a state senate investigating committee. A Mr. Wissey Jones (Old Scratch in mufti) comes to Pequot to buy the best local brain. He locates it quickly enough in the head of ten-year-old Barry Rudd. Scratch-Jones is brusque, subtle, conniving, wheedling, corrupting, and always disarmingly and terribly honest. He offers money and gifts in the tested tradition of the TV giveaways. His offers have an added psychological point of deadly accuracy. No one contests his assumption that there is a right price for everyone.

Jones's procurement procedure includes causing an incident: he persuades a group of high school ruffians from the town's better families to try to wreck the hovel in which the Rudds live. This, together with his pressure on the school authorities, brings the senate committee to the scene. In an off-the-record meeting Jones tells the solons that he represents the United Lymphomilloid Corporation, which has a fifty-year government contract. He mentions but does not describe how it is involved in defense work, and states bluntly that his corporation needs as raw material children with very high IQs. By conditioning, drugs, and surgery they are to have their brains purged of all memories, experiences, and learning. After this they are to be developed into human computer elements. (The few who will not be sterilized will later be used for breeding stock.) The senators express their appreciation for the information, their admiration for his patriotic efforts, and their determination to support him in his good works. One other voice is loud in support of Mr. Jones's proposition—Barry's father, Mr. Paul Rudd.

All the others—teachers, friends, school officials—oppose Jones, some violently. One by one he buys their acceptance with money and gadgets and promises of advancement. Finally, in the last session of the committee hearings, he appears to "reach" Dr. Frederika Gozar and even Barry himself. These last two capitulate on a lame note of triumph. They believe that his system can be beaten. Dr. Gozar (a New England Granite Gothic, so wonderful that Hersey might have built a truly magnificent novel around her alone) says she is sure the boy cannot be brainwashed. "He can cling through that ordeal to the minimum notion that he is going to be a classifying biologist. He'll remember. I really believe he will." And Barry says, "I was wondering about the Forgetting Chamber. If all the pictures went out, if I forgot everything, where would they go? Just out into the air? Into the sky? Back home, around my bed, where my dreams stay?"

Mr. Hersey's grand design enables him, theoretically at least, to lay bare the drives, hopes, fears, and convictions of teachers, townspeople, parents, and children. The novel's failure stems only in part from the device the author has chosen: a committee report even of the Creation would lack drama. The problems of developing character, providing tension and suspense are challenging enough in any type of novel. In "The Child Buyer" they overwhelm the matter and the manner. There are no background noises, no sense of the audience, no awareness of the pulse of life in a frightened town. And this is terribly sad, for the caricatures that Mr. Hersey attempts tremble just short of animation.

A Choice

By M. B. Thornton

YOU WERE interrupting me with ignorance,
—a loveless carelessness,
old woman,
the while demanding a decorum of me
that tied my hands and feet and gagged me sitting
in that chair. Rather than lose all consciousness
(it would have been for ever) I drained my glass,
stood up and smashed it, spoke my mind, and then went
home. No fear that that won't last for ever. I
am still alive, as when I die, I aim to
be as well. Only the beautiful die young
at eighty.

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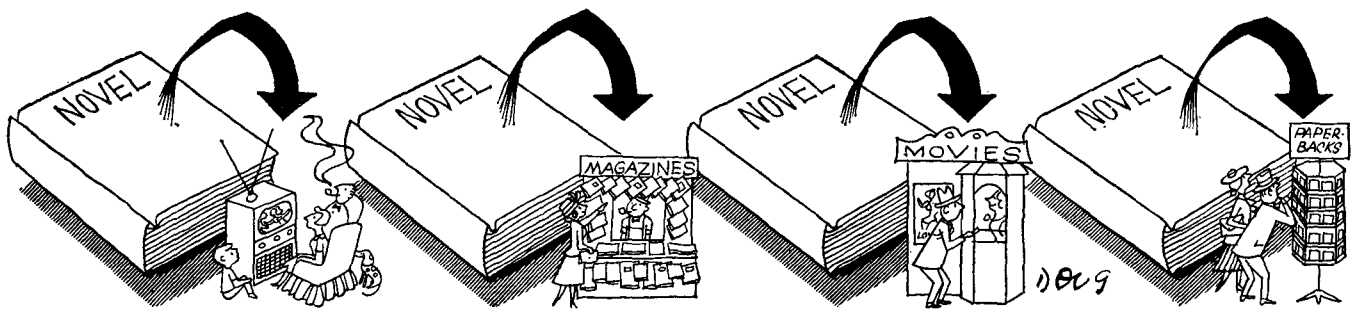
Publishing—from Quality to Merchandising



"The Denatured Novel," by Albert Van Nostrand *(Bobbs-Merrill. 224 pp. $3.50), accuses the book trade of vulgarizing fiction for quick profit. Warren Bower conducts a book program over radio station WNYC.*

By Warren Bower

UNDER the guise of a book about the publishing industry—with a quick overview of its foibles, questionable practices, and assorted dishonesties—Albert Van Nostrand has written a highly useful essay in criticism. It is a volume that should be read and taken to heart by the book trade in all of its ramifications. Read it may be, but—however vigorous and pointed its criticism—one can be certain that the work's admonitory purpose will not be achieved. The industry lived through an even sharper attack when O. H. Cheney's "Economic Survey of the Book Industry" was issued in 1931; well-nigh unread, certainly disregarded, that report is now a page of dusty history. Mr. Van Nostrand, a specialist in the contemporary novel at Brown University, does well to recall it, and expand upon it, in this study supported by a three-year Guggenheim grant. His book is updated Cheney, with important additions of what Cheney might now say about paperbacks, the retreat from quality in the novel, and the present emphasis on merchandising.

Van Nostrand charges that, besides enlarging the old sins, publishers have lost editorial control of the quality of their product to distributors in the secondary markets. The motion picture industry, the cheap reprint houses, mass-circulation magazines, and book clubs are not only indispensable to the economics of publishing, but can now reinforce their demands for more and more of the "popular" and "commercial" in fiction. Thus from economic necessity the publishers have encouraged the stylization, the "denaturing," of the novel. Second- and third-rate fiction sells better than first-rate, and makes more widely accepted magazine serials, paperback reprints, movies, and television "specials." These large-scale purchasers of story materials dominate the market; the publishers have not only capitulated to them, but are actively collaborating in debasing the novel. "The publisher has always managed to convey his desires to an author," is Mr. Van Nostrand's way of putting it gently.

These are the accusations; and there is truth in them. But surely the author overstates his case against the book industry when he implies that it is chiefly responsible for the widespread preference for the spurious over the good. Despite its own undoubted lapses, its meek acceptance of the egregious disservice of those to whom it delegates its advertising and merchandising, or the editors it hires to do its "trend-spotting," book publishing still wears some shreds of decency. Most firms want to publish good books, especially great novels if they can find them, and will courageously back them—for a time. And some comfort may be taken in the fact that a few soundly good novels do sell, do get on that mendacious marketing device, the best-seller list. Moreover, Van Nostrand totally overlooks the rise of the quality paperback, clearly a credit mark for book publishers.

The search for the cause of the perennial low state of the novel, or of public taste in literature, needs to go deeper than it is carried here. Could it be that great literature is only for the few who can appreciate it? And should not educators share some of the blame because they have failed to teach a preference for exellence?

But bringing Cheney up to date is the lesser of the two services performed by this book, though it gets the major allotment of space. In his two chapters concerned directly with "the denatured novel" Van Nostrand describes with clarity and force the process by which the novel has been cheapened, reduced to the more manageable and profitable second-rateness of "popular fiction." The essential difference between it and the novel of seminal importance—the book that sets a new pattern and so deserves the epithet "a great novel"—is clarified through the author's unlikely, but in his hands revealing, comparison between "The Scarlet Letter" and "Gone with the Wind." "One novel develops an involvement comparable to the unresolved complexity of the world. The other novel evades complexity and simplifies its subject." The popular novel is a tabloid version of experience, with the narrative element made dominant, and the significant analogies with life thinned out, "so as to shift the emphasis from an experience to its resolution." These are the formal and technical differences between Faulkner and Hemingway and their imitators, between Sholem Asch's "The Nazarene" and Lloyd C. Douglas's "The Big Fisherman" or Thomas Costain's "The Silver Chalice."

Mr. Van Nostrand has made a useful contribution to the critical weaponry in the phrase "the denatured novel," one that will enable critics to draw more definitively the line dividing the good novel and its imitation, and that separating the "serious" or "experimental" fiction from the "popular." Even if Van Nostrand is found correct in his charge against the book trade of wilful complicity in the vulgarization of the novel (and it is not yet proven, strong though the circumstantial evidence may be), his delineation of the "denaturing" of art leveled against the book trade gets the verdict, and it provides valuable insights to critics in general. They are all in danger of being traduced in essentially the same way by tendencies built into our present culture.

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Birds, Bees, and Bassinets

"The Christening Party," by Francis Steegmuller *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 215 pp. $3.75), humorously juxtaposes the wonder of a lad over his newly born sister with the secrets, experiences, and unresolved complexities of two remarkable New England families. Henry Beetle Hough, editor of The Vineyard Gazette in Edgartown, Mass., wrote "Lament for a City."*

By Henry Beetle Hough

HERE is a delightfully amusing novel of innocence, of a time in Connecticut long gone, and of the way things were with families and people, all different yet in their sum representing repeatedly recognizable truths.

When the boy, who was seven, came back from ten days with his Aunt Mary Grace and Uncle Theodore Baumeister, the baby had been born.

> My mother heard me and called from her bedroom and I rushed in. There she was, sitting up in bed against a lot of pillows, looking happy and holding a tiny red baby. The tiny red baby was doing something to her. *What* it was doing, I couldn't imagine.

A few minutes later, as his father led him out of the room, the boy asked "in a loud clear voice that desperately wanted to know: 'What part of Mother *is* that, Daddy?'"

The boy's curiosity hung over the great day of the christening party, when Dugan and Winkler relatives gathered at the white-pillared Held House, the Indian Harbor hotel the boy's maternal grandfather, Judge Jeremiah Dugan, had married when he wed the elder of the two sisters who owned it. Hanging over that day also were many secrets, experiences, and unresolved complexities of two remarkable families.

Indian Harbor was near enough New York so that Ed Winkler, the boy's father, could have a bookkeeping job in the city; and visible from the cupola of the Held House was the red terra cotta roof of the costly mansion Boss Tweed had left uncompleted when he fled in disgrace.

> Land values had certainly increased. The great country houses that went up were mock-Tudor, most of them, and separated from one another by tracts of woodland traced with bridle-paths. There was one "reproduction" of the Petit Trianon in gray New England granite, set like an oversized mausoleum amidst clipped privet.

From the cupola, too, one could see a ridge where, as Father Murphy told the boy's great-uncle, Bishop Dugan, the Catholics had just arranged a much greater cemetery expansion than the Protestant Union. "For the moment the 'rich regalia' of the landscape was still dominated by the tall Congregational spire, but now its height must have seemed to them a challenge."

The boy finally put his question about Mother to the Bishop, but so enigmatically as to make it a shocker. He learned more from Aunt Margery, who was entangled with a baptism-shy pickle salesman. Something was going on between Margery and Frank—something good, as it turned out. At the end, the boy was satisfied with wonderful knowledge—but still innocent.

Mr. Steegmuller brings a great deal into the compass of the christening day. He reaches back into the Old World origins of the Winklers and Dugans. The Judge and the Bishop were sons of a blacksmith who had a shop on the Tipperary high road and liked to see his dogs at the heels of the British cavalry. The boy's paternal grandfather was Gustave Winkler, an Alsatian who came to America to be a baker for Maillard's. The Founding Fathers aside, this was how much of New England evolved.

Entertaining always, Mr. Steegmuller is also discerning, and his writing and observation have vividness and point.

—André Philippon.

Francis Steegmuller — entertaining and discerning.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"WHEN CAESAR SAYS 'DO THIS,' IT IS PERFORM'D."

Below are ten strong commands, compiled by Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, which are taken from the openings of ten poems. Can you identify the poem and poet in each case? Answers on page 40.

1. Grow old along with me!
2. Pity this busy monster, manunkind,
   not.
3. For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love.
4. Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—
   Lean on a garden urn—
   Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair—
5. Get up, get up, for shame.
6. Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
7. Shut, shut the door, good John. fatigued, I said,
   Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
8. Winter is icummen in,
   Lhude sing Goddamm. . . .
   Damn you, sing: Goddamm.
9. Give him the darkest inch your shelf allows,
   Hide him in lonely garrets, if you will.
10. Bury the Great Duke
    With an empire's lamentation.

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A Search Beyond the Self

"Disputed Questions," by Thomas Merton *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 297 pp. $3.95) inquires into the moral and social dilemma of modern man. William Michelfelder wrote the novels "A Seed Upon the Wind" and the recently published "Be Not Angry," both of which are concerned with man's search for himself and for religious meaning.*

By William Michelfelder

IN 1953 the author of "Disputed Questions" wrote on the closing pages of his fourth book, "The Sign of Jonas," these lovely and now luckily unprophetic words:

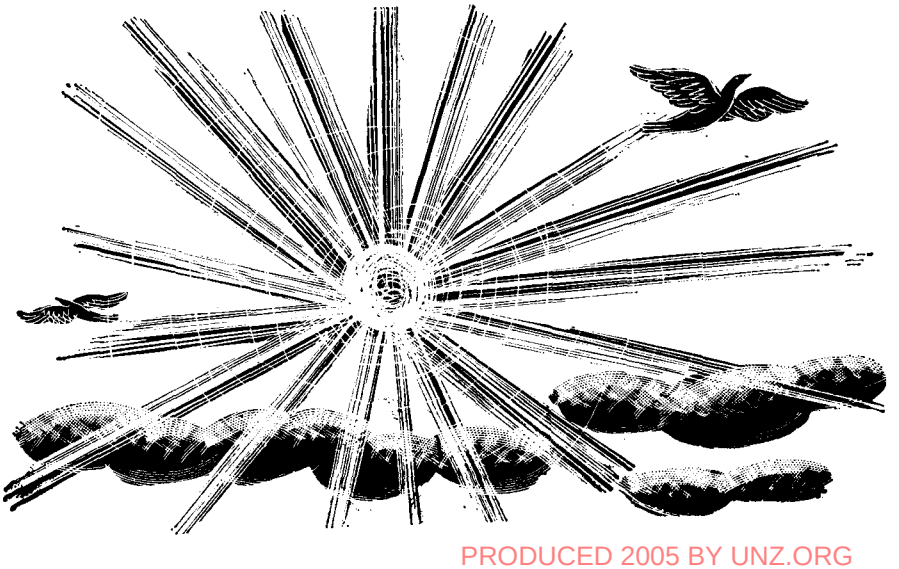
> Lord God of this great night: do You see the woods? Do You hear the rumor of their loneliness? Do You see that my soul is beginning to dissolve like wax within me? . . . Questions arrive, assume their actuality, and also disappear. In this hour I shall cease to ask them, and silence shall be my answer.

Thomas Merton has changed his mind. This gifted monk—Father Louis of the Cistercian Order of the Abbey of Gethsemani near Louisville—has given himself a deed of release from "silence shall be my answer" and written in "Disputed Questions" a profound, exquisite, and yet strangely worldly beseechment asking all of us—Catholics, non-Catholics, and disbelievers—to ponder the cosmic and terrifying footfalls that must soon overtake us: mass extermination of thinking creatures by the mindless Bomb, our headlong flight from the obligation to love, the falsity of the Western concept of "individualism," which may lead to our destruction without a Bomb, and our childlike devotion to "thinking," which, says the author, is mass-produced, passively accepted, or not even accepted. On the brink of a Presidential choice in the greatest crisis of our history we are, says Thomas Merton, ". . . content to turn on a switch and be comforted by the vapid, but self-assured slogans of the speaker who, we fondly hope, is thinking for the whole nation."

A believer in God and in a specific religion, Thomas Merton disclaims religious proselytizing in "Disputed Questions" and quietly knocks on the door of our heart asking, "*Who are we?*"

"Individualism," writes the author, "is nothing but the social atomism that has led to our present inertia, passivism and spiritual decay. This individualism, *primarily an economic* concept with a pseudospiritual and moral facade, is in fact mere irresponsibility."

This is strong stuff—especially for the social evangelists. It is particularly strong in that Thomas Merton does not forcibly submit Roman Catholicism as the final answer to his disputed questions.



Is there not a vast difference between the "individual" and the person? Who are YOU? If you believe in the individual, are you not saying that you are a "unit divided off from other units" and living today in a bewildering "society"; is it not possible that if the society falters, the individual collapses with it, and "he who seemed to be a person soon becomes nothing but a number?"

Question: Who is the person we ought to be? Answer from Thomas Merton: "In order to find our own souls we have to enter into our own solitude and learn to live with ourselves. This is the beginning of true humanism, because we cannot know man until we find him in ourselves." Question: With all our "enlightenment" and new-found ways and means to quick knowledge and the affairs of fellow men, just what have we done? Answer from Thomas Merton: "We simply submit to the process of being informed, without anything actually registering on our mind at all." We learn, we study, we talk of "rights" and "values" but, says the author, millions of Americans are fleeing from the obligations from which these values are inseparable. ". . . the weakness of our time is the delusion of 'humanism' in a culture where man has been completely alienated from himself." Instead of being a living, fruitful, and genuinely *human* society, he writes, many of us are dancing a ludicrous pantomime called "togetherness."

Thomas Merton—Father Louis, the monk—is unimpeachably committed to the Faith. Many a sincere, intellectually honest reader will reject his Catholic affirmation, but they will find a universality—catholicity, if you will—to the human anguish so true for all of us. In many ways "Disputed Questions" is a religious book. In many other ways it is not. Thomas Merton, who has seen much of the world and lived long in it as the secular idealist before adopting his Catholicism, writes with an urbane detachment, often with a lyrical passion that should arouse self-searching, even dispute.

However, Thomas Merton loves not only his God, but his fellow man. These qualities alone make "Disputed Questions" worth reading.

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The Oxford Conspiracy

"A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons," by Martin Green *(Harper. 178 pp. $3.50), flails that product of Oxford and Cambridge, the "gentleman's culture." William Van O'Connor is general editor of "Reader's Bookshelf of American Literature."*

By William Van O'Connor

MARTIN GREEN'S "A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons" is the latest, the most polemical, and perhaps the most coherent attack on what Kingsley Amis calls "Oxford-accented culture," the Establishment, and "Britain" as opposed to "England."

There have been earlier attacks, for the most part from lower-middle-class or working-class scholarship students, some of whom have contributed to the "angry young men" business. Somerset Maugham called them all "scum," and said he was glad he would not be alive when they inherited the government, publishing, education, and the judicial system in England.

Geoffrey Moore, a young English critic, has written this in a British Council pamphlet: "Though you would never know it, looking at the quiet face of Britain, she is undergoing perhaps the biggest social revolution in her social history since the freeing of the serfs, and this cannot but have an effect, however oblique, on the poets of today." It goes almost without saying that the effects on other literary forms will be as great or greater.

In fiction there have been "Lucky Jim," "That Uncertain Feeling," and "I Like It Here," by Kingsley Amis; "Hurry on Down" and "The Contenders," by John Wain; "Happy as Larry," by Thomas Hinde; "Flight from the Enchanter," by Iris Murdoch, and still others. In autobiography there have been "Time and Place," by George Scott; "The Uses of Literacy," by Richard Hoggart—and now "A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons," by Mr. Green.

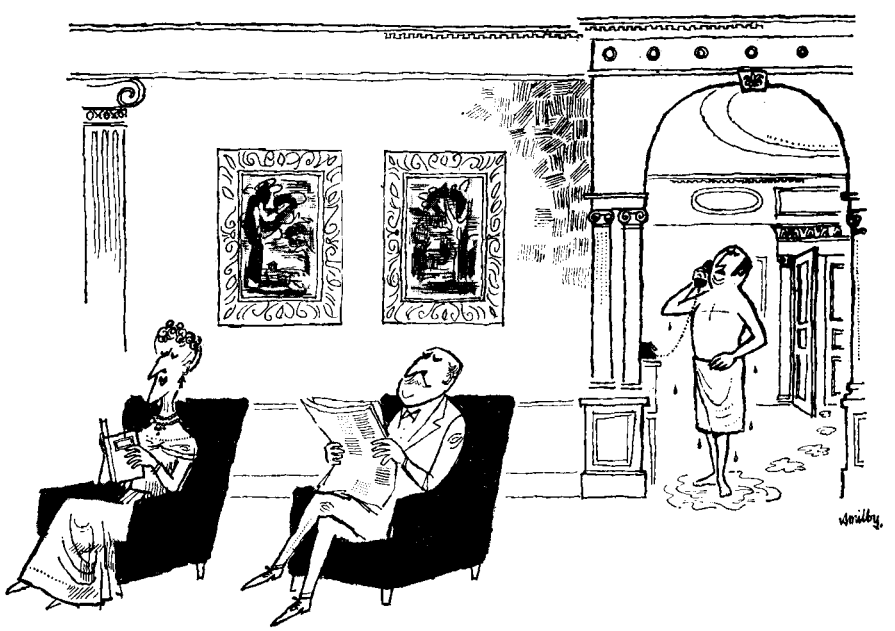
Fiction employs its own distorting mirrors for esthetic purposes, and therefore one cannot depend on novels as straight sociological accounts of postwar England. And poetry, despite the environmental influences Mr. Moore observes, is likely to be highly personal. Scott's book, although helpful, is journalistic and surface-tapping. Hoggart's begins well, evoking a sense of life in a lower-class household, but then bogs down in a seemingly endless discussion of mass culture as it can be studied in magazines, newspapers, and cheap paperbacks.

"A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons" is a serious, even passionate dialogue between two sides of Mr. Green's mind. Elevated, thanks to his scholarships, into the "Oxford-accented culture" of the gentleman, seemingly with no hope of escape, he begins to analyze the "gentleman's culture." It is not a product of region; it is a product of class, and of Oxford or Cambridge. It is accepting certain gestures, certain clothes, a tone of voice, and most of all it *is* the development of a certain sensibility. "The British mind works," Green says, "in self-conscious clichés, as a conversational technique, and, at the deepest levels, in the large dramatic matters, love, war, duty." His major thesis is that this sensibility is cliché-ridden, and so involved in the past, in a dead tradition, that it cannot understand twentieth-century problems.

Green wants the British gentleman and what he stands for to recede into history, to slip back quietly into the nineteenth century, from which he emerged. If he doesn't, Green says, England's future is very dim.

> That is it, then. England is suffocating in the grip of a class, no less than fifty years ago; more, because that class's vitalities have failed and receded, and so its limiting, characterizing traits now weigh more heavily, more deadly. Moreover, this class is originally, ineradicably undemocratic. In these two ways, America, which we despise, stands for health, and we stand for sickness. Our hostility to America is both symptom and quite deadly infection. And there is much more chance, in America, of national life becoming something significant, something to command one's loyalty.

Anyone who has encountered British smugness, superiority, and patronizing—and what American hasn't encountered it?—is likely to applaud all this very heartily. Also, one can sympathize with the young Englishman from the lower classes who is forced to join "Britain." Green and his kind would be spineless opportunists if they did not give the back of their hand to British snobbery and pretentiousness. A British stuffed shirt is much more offensive than an American stuffed shirt. The American is what he is thanks only to his own limitations. The British stuffed shirt thinks that all nature has been creaking and groaning for eons



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"England is suffocating in the grip of a class . . ."

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solely for the purpose of producing him, the "British gentleman." That the gentleman, as a part of the Establishment, has many of the weaknesses which Mr. Green ascribes to him we would not deny.

What the West thinks of as civilization, however, owes a great deal to the ideal of the British gentleman. Conrad, for one, felt that where the British gentleman had a hand in colonizing the exploitation was not so abandoned, so ruthless: it was tempered by idealism. Certainly the gentleman as he exists in Galsworthy, in T. S. Eliot's plays, in Graham Greene, or in Evelyn Waugh is on his way out. Lucky Jim Dixon and his kind are inheriting England. Certainly they will manifest some of the better attributes of the gentleman.

Green sets up a notion of "England" as opposed to "Britain." It is middle-class as opposed to upper-class England. His cultural heroes are four—F. R. Leavis, D. H. Lawrence, George Orwell, and Kingsley Amis—and their virtues are moral intensity, a distaste for pretentiousness—whether in social gestures, scholarship, or art—and simple decency. (One wonders whether Mr. Green would have been happy in Cromwell's England.)

These four are undoubtedly men to be greatly admired, and they have certain things to teach upper-class England. But Mr. Green's categories of vice-stupidity-decadence and virtue-intelligence-vitality seem rather arbitrary as soon as one remembers that pride, intelligence, and snobbery are not solely dictated by the class to which one belongs. England owes a great debt to the Bloomsbury of John Maynard Keynes, Virginia Woolf, Roger Fry, Lytton Strachey, David Garnett, and others, as well as to their counterparts. Green can see them only as a decayed part of the Establishment.

GENERALIZING about culture, saying what is desirable and what should be avoided is a tricky business. Arnold had a go at it in "Culture and Anarchy" and Eliot in "Notes Toward a Definition of Culture." To their assertions one is likely to respond with "Well, yes," or "No," or "Maybe." To Mr. Green's "A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons" one occasionally says "Yes," but sometimes "No! no! no!" Probably the book's greatest value is that it lets us inside the collective mind of Green's group and generation, those who were bright

(*Continued on page* 33)

ISRAEL

Return from the Diaspora

"A Clash of Destinies," by Jon and David Kimche *(Praeger. 287 pp. $4.95),* ***"A Nation Reborn," by Richard H. S. Crossman*** *(Atheneum. 171 pp. $3.50), and* ***"The Faithful City," by Dov Joseph*** *(Simon & Schuster. 356 pp. $5.95), examine varying facets of the conflict of arms, politics, and personalities through which the State of Israel was born. Jack Winocour was a war correspondent in 1948 and has since been a frequent observer of Israel.*

By Jack Winocour

MORE than twelve years have passed since the creation of the State of Israel, but the constant flux of events and the unresolved crisis of Arab-Jewish relations in the Middle East have so far inhibited the production of a definitive and authoritative history of the origins of the state and its consolidation by a military victory that astonished the world.

Meanwhile a stream of books of varied weight and quality continues to provide a growing reservoir of source material and interpretation for the patient labors of some ultimate historian who may be able to detach himself from the emotions, prejudices, and *ex parte* judgments that bedevil clear appreciation of the men, issues, and events that determined the outcome of the Arab-Israel war of 1948-49.

Among the new arrivals is "A Clash of Destinies," by the brothers Jon and David Kimche (the first-named a veteran analyst of Middle East affairs, the second an actual war combatant). Having previously recounted vividly in the "The Secret Roads" the story of illegal immigration into Palestine before Israel's independence, they now turn their attention to the complexities of the political background in Britain, the Middle East, the United States, and at U.N. headquarters at Lake Success, as well as to the fog of war itself. For the Kimches, "the actual fighting in the Palestine War played a secondary role in the conflict. What really mattered was the clash of wills, the battle of commands, and this is almost wholly unrecorded in the archives."

This reviewer, who was himself an eyewitness of some phases of hostilities in 1948, believes that this does less than justice to those whose blood, sweat, toil, and tears gained a series of remarkable foot-slogging victories. Compared with these, the conflicts of personalities and wills on the Israeli side, which the Kimches tend to overstress, are of small consequence. They can be paralleled in the record of any army in wartime.

What is significant (and it is fashionable to discount it in the postwar mythology that ascribes Israel's victory solely to Arab incompetence) is that individual leadership, élan, and morale—backed by the will not only to survive but to become a nation—transformed an ill-equipped citizen's militia, the Haganah, within a matter of a few months into a superb national army capable of executing campaigns like the thrust into Egypt in 1949, which became the blueprint for the classic victory in Sinai seven years later.

For all that, the Kimches do provide a well-balanced, substantiated account of the major military operations that preceded and followed the invasion of Palestine by the Arabs. Their text is accompanied by useful plans and maps to clarify the military narrative, which is generally free-flowing and lucid. (Unhappily, there is also an abundance of misprints and misspellings.)

The Kimches describe the British policy in Palestine in the months before evacuation as "a mixture of ignorance, blundering, indecision and local bias against the Jews, encouraged by the known bias of the Foreign Secretary." Ernest Bevin's calamitous role in the dénouement of the Palestine crisis occupies one panel of Richard Crossman's triptych on Chaim Weizmann, David Ben-Gurion, and Bevin. A British Labor M.P., appointed by Bevin to the Anglo-American Commission of Enquiry on Palestine in 1945, Crossman found himself a convert to the Zionist cause, and led the back-bench opposition to the Foreign Secretary's anti-Zionist (and later anti-Jewish) policy in the House of Commons.

"A Nation Reborn" is an illuminating and suggestive series of intertwined monographs, felicitous in style and often penetrating in insight. While Crossman does not spare his criticism of Bevin's

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"violent passion" and "overt anti-Semitism" (paradoxically admitting his own "latent anti-Semitism"), he points out that he had been anticipated by Lord Passfield (better known as the Fabian Socialist Sidney Webb) in his conduct of the Colonial Office in 1930.

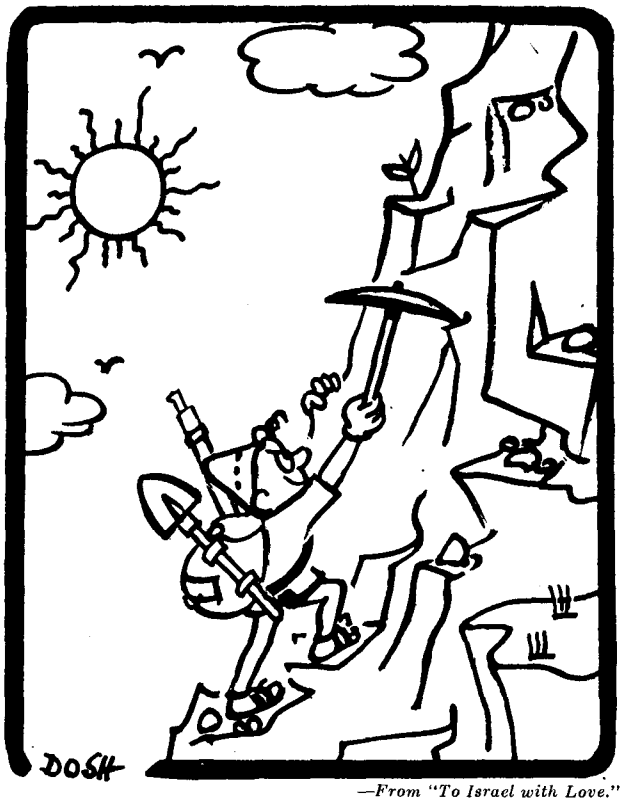
The real victim of Bevin's policy, he demonstrates, was Chaim Weizmann, who failed to hold British policy to the declaration of support for a Jewish National Home in Palestine, which he had won from Lord Balfour in 1917, and thus tragically lost the power to influence events and the leadership of his own people. But Crossman finds, "The supreme justification of Weizmann as a Jewish statesman is that the spell he cast gave the Yishuv [the Jews of Palestine] just enough time. When it failed, his own people had grown up to the point where they were strong enough to disown him as pro-British and accept as leaders men fitted not to charm the British but to get rid of them."

Crossman's interpretation of Ben-Gurion is less personal in content. He sees him as the personification of "a complete and complex Western democracy," fulfilling Weizmann's dream. "A Nation Reborn" underscores the complete disappearance of the pre-state terrorist movements that many felt might distort the character of Israel's independence. Gone, too, is the incentered rejection of outer Jewry by the self-styled Canaanites. Ben-Gurion's Israel is also a Jewish state.

Was it really necessary to get rid of the British and the British tie? Canadian-born Dov Joseph, first Jewish Governor of Jerusalem since the Roman conquest, sadly admits, "Our tragedy was that our final fight for freedom, after two thousand years of exile, came at a moment when a war-weary nation, unwilling to go on paying the price of empire and unwilling to give it up, was capable only of a kind of massive, wavering indecision."

"Faithful City" is Dov Joseph's intensely moving, frank, and informative memoir of the siege of Jerusalem and the heroic part he played in it, first as head of the emergency committee set up to maintain the physical existence and morale of 100,000 beleaguered men, women, and children, and then as military governor when the tide of war had turned.

This is the most satisfying book to emerge from the Arab-British-Jewish conflict in many years, combining vivid and gripping personal narrative with a wide grasp of the total struggle of which the battle for Jerusalem was a major part. Dov Joseph, whose cultural affinities and personal affections impelled him towards a continued relationship with the Britain of the Balfour Declaration, took the reins when the British abdication of power in Jerusalem was gathering momentum, when what the Jewish inhabitants bitterly called "Operation Chaos" abandoned the Holy City to anarchy.



—*From "To Israel with Love."*

"The Hard Way."

He organized food convoys that had to fight their way through from Tel-Aviv, often with appalling loss of life (and confesses ingenuously that as a nonsmoker he was persuaded with difficulty to include shipments of cigarettes to keep up the morale). He tells of the precious vegetable seedlings brought in for planting in Jerusalem's gardens and backyards, after the people had been reduced to gathering weeds for food. And he tells of the child messengers who braved the shot and shell of the British-led Arab Legion to carry dispatches; of his struggle with bakers and grocers to insure a fair rationing system; of fantastic ruses and deceptions employed by the Jews to syphon off an adequate water supply from Arab-controlled sources.

Joseph pulls no punches in describing the capitulation of the Jewish quarter of the Old City through confusion of military command and the lack of will of a few of its inhabitants. His relations with U.N. Mediator Count Folke Bernadotte, later assassinated by extremists, are sharply but fairly recounted, as are his conflicts with the truce commission of U.S., French, and Belgian consular officials when he felt his people were not getting a fair deal.

Little wonder that in a memorable citation David Ben-Gurion said of him: "By his organizing skill, his energy, and his devotion he saved the city from the danger of starvation and the peril of destruction."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 900

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 900 will be found in the next issue.

BOK ACFDH
BKLHOKM HLAK
BQDHK KLHO QKKN
BX GMDPRK BOK
LQSCT RLZ
GKBQKKW PXMXBOJ
LWP HOXZDW.
—RKXMRK LPK

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 899

He is every other inch a gentleman.

—Rebecca West.

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What About Russia?

ONE YEAR ago, when Mr. Khrushchev arrived in the United States, olive branches were in full flower almost everywhere in the world. This country was open to him and the President was his escort, direct or indirect.

Now, the Soviet leader returns at a time when the fever blisters of war are breaking out on almost every continent. His visit this time is without invitation. The United States is confining his movements to the island of Manhattan. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union is involved, in one way or another, with volatile situations in the Congo, Cuba, East Germany, and elsewhere.

The disintegration has proceeded in a straight line from the U-2 incident and the attendant breakup of the Paris Conference. It would almost seem as though Mr. Khrushchev has been saying to the United States: "I offered you real peace. But you preferred your U-2s and everything they represent. Very well. You wish tension and crisis. We will give you tension and crisis. In fact, we will douse you in it. We will let you have it until it runs out of your ears."

The great mistake made in assessing Soviet actions and intentions is to assume that they are glacial and constant, and that nothing we do or say has any basic effect on Russian policy. Actually, exactly the opposite may now be true. The Soviet, for the past five years, has been in an extreme process of transition. Day-by-day events—both external and internal—have had a profound effect in shaping policy and goals.

It becomes important, therefore, to consider the Soviet Union's relationship to world peace according to the two dominant forces that figure in its policy. One force operates on the *ideological* level, where the actions of the Soviet Union are related to her Marxist role in world affairs as the Soviet leaders interpret it. The other operates on the *national* level, where the actions of the Soviet Union are dictated by the traditional characteristics of national fears and ambitions.

Each of these levels has its own set of requirements. Each calls for specific policies. Sometimes the policies on the national level are in conflict with those on the ideological one. Sometimes they are in complete accord. Generally, they interact. But always, they are separate in their origins.

Begin with *ideology.*

The first fact that has to be considered is that the history of the Soviet Union since its revolution has seen many major changes. Far from being rigid in its basic positions, the Soviet has made not just tactical shifts but fundamental alterations in ideology and policy.

Very early in its history, for example, Lenin interpreted Marx in a way that was to change profoundly the direction of the Soviet Union. He declared that it was incorrect to believe—as many Marxist scholars had believed—that it was essential to have a world socialist revolution before socialism could succeed in any one country.

A series of other profound changes in the Soviet Union occurred after the death of Josef Stalin. With each shift in the top command, ideological and political changes of varying degrees of importance took place.

One of the most fundamental of these changes occurred in the early period of Nikita Khrushchev's Chairmanship of the Communist Party. The Communist Party of the USSR, reinterpreting Karl Marx in the light of current conditions, found that it was possible to seek and achieve peaceful relations with capitalist nations. It was not necessarily true, according to the new interpretation, that war was inherent in the nature of capitalism. Karl Marx, Mr. Khrushchev declared, had no way of anticipating the great changes that were to take place in the twentieth century. Marx could not foresee the nature of new weapons. Moreover, there were powerful new developments inside the capitalist nations that had been unanticipated.

This change in ideology may have been related to the need to forestall or prevent a war with the West, in view both of the annihilating character of the new weapons and the emergence of another powerful Communist nation with which the long-term *national* interests of the Soviet Union might be in conflict. This latter fact was not foreseen by Marx.

CZARIST Russia was never comfortable about large population masses on its borders, especially in Asia. In the nineteenth century and the early twentieth century, Russia made several attempts to dominate the Asian complex. What it feared was that its lands might become the spillway for the surplus population of Asia in general and China in particular. It looked ahead and foresaw a situation in which China, whatever the complexion of its government or political philosophy, would become expansionist because of the sheer massed weight of numbers.

If the fact of population pressure from the East was a valid concern for Russia in the nineteenth century, it carries even greater weight in the latter half of the twentieth century. By the end of this century, the population of China will be in excess of one billion. China has been restoring millions of acres of eroded land to productivity, and she has been scoring impressive gains in the agricultural yield of existing farmland. But the rate of population increase has been moving faster than the increase in the food supply.

Southeast Asia is already overcrowded. It is doubtful whether the population spillover from China would

(*Continued on page* 32)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROGRAM FOR PROGRESS

CONGRATULATIONS to Alvin C. Eurich for his article "New Strategy for America's Schools" [*SR*, Sept. 3]. It is one of the clearest and most constructive articles I have seen on education. Without emphasizing the negative, he has pointed out the essential maladies of today's system: certification and curriculum absurdities. And he has given the most sensible suggestions for the correction of each that I have read.

SAMUEL WITHERS,
Associate Director,
Council for Basic Education.
Washington, D. C.

ALVIN C. EURICH'S article is one of the finest statements on education in America that I have ever read. I hope it will be studied by the Governors of our fifty states, the presidents of our colleges and universities, and school boards across the nation. Dr. Eurich offers a sane and sound program for development.

RALPH E. HONE,
University of Redlands.
Redlands, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *State Governors are already well acquainted with Dr. Eurich's proposals for the improvement of education. His article was adapted from a talk given earlier this year at the annual meeting of the Governors' Conference in Glacier National Park, Montana. Forty-eight of the fifty Governors were present.*

CREDIT RISK

IN THE GUEST EDITORIAL "Memorandum for the President" [*SR*, Aug. 27], Henry L. Stimson says, "The chief lesson I have learned in a long life is that the only way you can make a man trustworthy is to trust him." This is nonsense. A few months ago, for example, I loaned two young fellows five dollars to help them get back to California. I am still waiting for my five dollars. I trusted them, but that didn't make them trustworthy. And trusting the Russians will never make them trustworthy either.

Giving the Russians complete information on the atomic bomb immediately after World War II would only have put them where they now are a few years sooner; it would not have increased their friendship for us or made them one bit more trustworthy. They got the information they wanted anyway, and everyone knows how.

W. C. ALLEN.
Palisade, Colo.

WHOSE MOVE?

I AM ONE of the chess players mentioned by Cleveland Amory in his FIRST OF THE MONTH column [*SR*, Sept. 3], and I assure you I am enthusiastic about chess. I am ready to close up my business any time to go to a strong tournament. I am particularly anxious to play on the Olympic team at Leipzig if the money can be raised. We are not out to make any money; we just want to play good chess.

France wants me to play on the French team at Leipzig if I don't go for the U.S. But I have been a citizen these last two years and want to play for the U.S., as I did in 1958 at the Olympics in Munich where I played fourth board and made the highest percentage score on the team. This year we have a good chance of winning.

I hope the American Chess Foundation, the State Department, or anyone who has the money will see to it that our team can go.

NICOLAS ROSSOLIMO*
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is serving as treasurer for a fund to send an American team to the Chess Olympics. Contributions may be sent to the Olympic Chess Fund, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Since the matches open on October 14, checks or money orders should reach this office no later than September 25.*

**International grandmaster and former champion of France.*

"I've enjoyed our little political discussion. Now if you don't mind, I'd like to be shaved by a Republican."

THE CANDIDATE AS CRITIC

SENATOR KENNEDY'S review of B. H. Liddell Hart's "Deterrent or Defense" [*SR*, Sept. 3] is encouraging in a way, but it does not sufficiently stress the gravity of the present situation. His review to some extent expresses the rationalization that constitutes the greatest danger to peace: the idea that war can be prevented by the creation of a situation in which each side realizes that it cannot possibly win a war.

This rationalization ignores the fact that the actions of governments are not always controlled by reason alone; unexpected incidents frequently introduce emotional factors that may be decisive. The lesson of 1914 is clear: an assassination was sufficient to provoke the Austrian Government into an irrational course of action which led to a devastating war that killed millions and benefited no one.

If our analysis of the arms race problem continues to ignore the irrational side of man's nature, it is only a question of time until 1914 is repeated and our rationalization destroys us.

ROBERT W. HARRIS.
Houston, Tex.

I NOTE THAT you inadvertently left out the notation "Political Advertisement" above Senator Kennedy's purported review of "Deterrent or Defense."

BENSON ENGLISH.
Troy, N. Y.

MY VOTE FOR Kennedy crystallized with the reading of the mature, sane, and remarkably sound views in his review. This boy is no boy. I know now he's my man.

JULES DASHOW.
Chicago, Ill.

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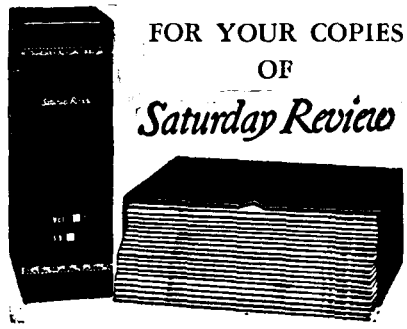

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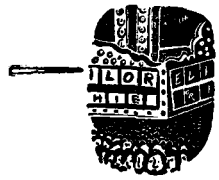

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Twenties Revisited

I MUST admit to some bias in favor of "**Sunrise at Campobello,**" the motion picture version of Dore Schary's highly successful play, if only because it deals with two of my favorite people of all time, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his wife Eleanor. Yet, not having seen the play, I was not prepared to be as charmed as I was by Mr. Schary's handsome production, for which he also did the screenplay, and which has been skilfully directed by Vincent J. Donehue. Knowing, of course, that a play had served as the basis for the film, I had expected to find static moments and the cramped quality often found in movies made from stage pieces. None of this is in evidence, however. From the first moment when, from on high, we see the Roosevelt family serenely sailing near their summer home at Campobello, all proceeds in nicely cinematic fashion, with unexpectedly good performances from Greer Garson as Eleanor Roosevelt, Hume Cronin as Louis Howe, and Ann Shoemaker as Sara Roosevelt. Ralph Bellamy's work is not so much a performance, I suspect, as a warm caricature, based on a close study of the late President's wonderfully familiar mannerisms. These studied moments are often delightful to watch, but they are studied, after all.

Miss Garson does something more, it seems to me; she has utilized make-up tricks (even to false, protruding teeth) to achieve a physical likeness to the Mrs. Roosevelt of more than thirty-five years ago; she has mimicked the famous voice with extraordinary exactitude, and she has then played her part with feeling and sympathy. It's the kind of personal triumph that sometimes leads to Academy Awards, when the collective judgment involved in Hollywood's honors system operates with reasonableness and sound taste.

If it were not for the well-founded historic events on which Mr. Schary has based his account, the movie might well have turned out to be another in a long series of inspirational epics. Roosevelt triumphs over seemingly insuperable adversity, his wife is a model of fortitude, his friend Howe is faithful to the end. All these elements have of course served as the ingredients of soap operas. But this time there is another element: that of implicit belief. We know it happened; and we know the benefits to a nation and to humanity that resulted. Thus it's great material that Mr. Schary has worked with. We can shed a tear freely. Mr. Roosevelt, throughout his life, somehow managed to raise both appreciative laughter and a lump in the throat from all levels of the populace.

So, from the sudden paralysis at Campobello to those famous ten steps at the Democratic Convention of 1924, when Roosevelt placed Al Smith's name in nomination, we have not so much a drama as a dramatic re-creation of events, a record of courage and unflagging, well-founded ambition. The last scene in Madison Square Garden—as the camera pulls back, away from the rostrum to which Roosevelt has walked unaided—can't help but remain memorable. The band plays, the placards wave, the cheers resound, and there is that great figure on the platform, reminding us of how much he has been missed all these years.

There are the family moments in the picture, too. Roosevelt's occasional irritation is shown as well as his boisterous good humor. And what is oddly touching is the sense of manners we get from these people who play their parts so well. It was another time, and people took their breeding seriously. Ann Shoemaker is particularly adept at showing us the proud, dominating Sara Roosevelt. They had their codes, these people, and they also had personalities, rich, stubbornly individualistic ones. All this is made clear by Mr. Schary and the capable people who have worked with him. Party lines be damned; everyone should see the picture anyway.

A FILM is here from Argentina. Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, an Argentinian of Swedish descent, has made "**End of Innocence**" from the Beatriz Guido novel "The House of the Angel." It is a moody, deliberately slow-moving account of an adolescent girl's sensual moment with an aristocratic politician who is about to risk his life in a duel. The setting is the puritanical Buenos Aires milieu of the early 1920s, and through an atmosphere of mingled repression and corruption the young girl (Elsa Daniel) and the mature man (Lautaro Murua) move dreamingly toward their intertwined destinies. The photography is often very good, at other times slightly too consciously poetic. For the most part it is an absorbing, well-made motion picture.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Looking Both Ways

LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE LONDON theatregoer has two heads. With one he can enjoy the old-fashioned play with neat tailoring, nominal theme, and extraordinary characters and situations that lie for the most part outside his own experience.

He can, for instance, accept such an insubstantial play as "Waiting in the Wings," Noel Coward's latest offering. It presents a dozen of Britain's most popular elder stagewomen playing persons exactly like themselves as they carry on humorously and sentimentally in a home for retired actresses. Whatever its critical reception, it should run as long as the present cast lives.

He can also endorse with only slight misgivings a play dealing with a conventionally unpleasant subject, provided the author covers it up with normal suspense and good-natured dashes of comic relief. Thus Terence Rattigan's "Ross" is able to represent Lawrence of Arabia as a man who, though he has the cold mind and the will power of a great general, has the body of a sensitive homosexual. Mr. Rattigan is even able to spell out the Turks' forcible rape of Lawrence without disturbing his audience, and Sir Alec Guinness, who plays the role with disarming craft and discipline, carefully preserves the light touch.

If the supply of Cowards and Rattigans is drying up, the old head nevertheless sees hope of extended existence in new authors who accept the old conditions. The most promising of these is Robert Bolt, whose "The Tiger and the Horse" challenges both the old guard that has become almost totally uninvolved with life, and the angry young man who rails at the old guard's attitudes but nevertheless refuses to commit himself to any positive course of action. This play, in which Sir Michael Redgrave plays an old professor brought back to facing life by his wife's drastic action, again understates so as not to move its audiences into any significantly new territory.

A newcomer in the musical comedy field, Lionel Bart, has similarly put his talent at the service of the old head by writing "Oliver," which so colorfully and tunefully illustrates a certain Dickens novel that a Marxian slip in the show's construction goes unnoticed. The musical's highest pitch of theatrical excitement comes when Oliver moves from destitution and loneliness into glorious attachment to a band of young pickpockets. By comparison, his eventual rehabilitation to a more genteel but less colorful society seems not so joyous.

The London theatregoer's second head, on the other hand, is growing so fast that it has no definite shape. It appears willing to accept an almost complete lack of theme and structure, provided the play is about people and situations it recognizes as real. It welcomes the humor, pathos, and vigor of Stephen Lewis's "Sparrers Can't Sing," a sort of Cockney neighborhood "Street Scene" minus big theatrical climaxes and significant decisions. It will willingly suffer through the first two acts of Arnold Wesker's "Roots," which are no more interesting than a day in a farmhouse kitchen is likely to be, in order to relish the somewhat more dramatic denouement of Act III when the country girl's city boy friend understandably fails to show up to meet her family.

And this same head will maintain that the best play in London is Harold

Pintner's "The Caretaker," which confines itself to exploring patterns of human interchange with dialogue as plain and as clichéd as it is in real life. But Mr. Pinter exaggerates this dialogue quantitatively in a sort of one-finger exercise that engrosses its audience with its humorous ironies and with the compassion which actor Peter Woodthorpe brings to its principal character. The engrossment is so intense that the new head is quite content simply to watch a rather Christlike human being slowly and patiently change from a Good Samaritan to a vicious and bigoted tramp. Some have attempted to find symbolism in it, with wretched humanity caught between God and the devil. However, the twenty-nine-year-old playwright denies this, saying he is opposed to the use of symbolism in the theatre. And here we begin to see the new head's dilemma: In turning to a more truthful theatre, it has reduced its scope to a small-as-life closeup.

—HENRY HEWES.

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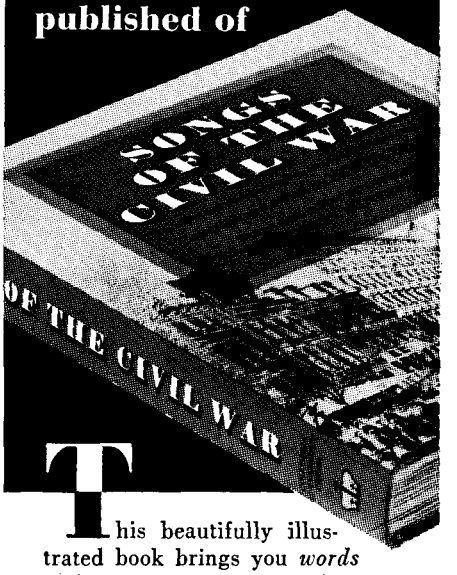

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Editorial

Continued from page 28

be in that direction. The heartland of Siberia is one of the few Asian areas rich enough to sustain a large population influx.

In any event, the emergence of two national Goliaths, both adhering to Communist ideology but impelled by natural forces in different directions, was not anticipated by Karl Marx. The Soviet ideological leaders have therefore interpreted Marx's ideas about world socialist unity in the light of their own national requirements.

In short, where ideological adherence and national purpose come into conflict, national purpose tends to prevail.

As a *nation*, therefore, the Soviet Union is first of all a full sovereign state, affected by all the historical considerations that traditionally govern the jockeying for power and security in the world arena. The quest for alliances or balance of power or supremacy of one sort or another is a basic characteristic of the sovereign state. Ever since human society arranged itself in groups, the pattern has remained substantially the same.

Nations exhibit all the variable characteristics of people. Some have been content with modest size and achievements. Others have been acquisitive and insatiable. Some have been eager only to live quietly and unobtrusively. Others have been noisy and obnoxious. Some have sought only self-sufficiency. Others have been predatory, ruthless, aggressive.

Despite this range of behavior, one historic fact clearly emerges. The larger a nation, the more certain it is to get involved in traffic problems with other large nations. It seeks economic power and prosperity and, like an individual, it tries to get the best bargains in its dealings with others. But, unlike the individual, it is not restrained by properly constituted agencies of law in the way it goes about advancing its interests. And when those interests come into conflict with the interests of others, the absence of a tribunal with compulsory jurisdiction adds to the natural determination of a nation to stand its ground.

As a *nation*, the Soviet Union has made decisions and taken actions quite apart from its underlying ideology or political philosophy. A large part of the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, in fact, has come forward in a straight line from the policy of Czarist Russia. The need for a military cushion in Central Europe; the fear of Germany; the determination to have outlets on the Baltic and Black Sea; the apprehension over the encroaching population pressure from China—all these were in evidence long before the Communist Revolution. The existence of a world ideology may have modified or enhanced some of the purposes or objectives or the way in which they are met, but the sovereign concerns are substantially what they have been all along.

On the national level, the questions concerning the willingness of the Soviet Union to accept a structured peace are valid ones, but they apply with perhaps equal cogency to all the other major nations. This doesn't make the task any easier, but it at least helps to identify the main problem. If a structured peace is to become a reality, the fallacies and dangers of unfettered national sovereignty will have to be met by many nations and not just by one or two.

Since the sovereign state, whatever its ideology, will be reluctant to modify itself, it becomes essential for peoples to help shape the national decisions. Obviously, this is much more likely in countries enjoying free expression of public opinion than in those that do not. Even so, no nation can insulate itself entirely from the ferment of world opinion. No nation, however efficient its soundproofing mechanism, can silence all the reverberations of a world debate on the requirements of human survival. Nothing is more mysterious in human affairs than the penetrating power of great ideas.

IN ANY event, the great debate will have to proceed in three stages. The first occurs through citizen initiative inside those nations where important debate is possible. The aim is to persuade the national governments to bring the question of world law and a structured peace before the U.N. The second great stage of the debate occurs inside the United Nations, where the whole question of meaningful survival is related to the adequacy of the U.N. itself. The third stage of the debate is what happens in all countries, whatever the form of their government, when the impact of a great idea directed to a structured peace for the entire human community makes itself felt.

A consensus in favor of a governed world is not going to take place overnight. But everything begins with advocacy and debate. Just in the process of arguing the great ideas, a new context for the human situation begins to emerge.

In this new context, the Soviet Union will not be called upon to make any concessions that all the others will not have to make.

If the Soviet Union is basically motivated by considerations of security, then only a world organization with adequate powers to underwrite the common safety and the independence of all nations will be able to provide such security.

If the Soviet Union genuinely believes in disarmament, then only a strong United Nations will be able to bring it about, and, what is more important, be able to enforce it.

Neither the Soviet Union nor anyone else will have to give up its national identity, its cultural pattern, or its political philosophy. Indeed, its independence will be assured by the U.N.

What the Soviet Union *will* have to give up—as will all the others—is the ability to wage nuclear war and launch a surprise attack. Moreover, it will have to submit to the jurisdiction of a world society on those matters concerning the common safety and the welfare of the human commonwealth.

Since the alternative is likely to be no world at all—for the Soviet Union or anyone else—there is a reasonable prospect that the proposal will be seriously considered.

There is scope neither for ideological fulfillment nor national purpose in nuclear suicide. It therefore becomes just as mandatory for the Soviet Union as it is for everyone else to dispose of the danger of war and proceed with its objectives by other means.

Obviously, the Soviet Union would like to have the terms of peace serve its long-range purposes. But it is to her own self-interest to have a durable peace even if it confers no special advantage.

The same is true of the United States and every other nation on earth. A structured peace—effective law through a revamped United Nations—will not of itself put an end to political or economic or ideological competition in the world. It will not create compatibility where none now exists. What it can do is make the world safe for its diversity and clear the stage for nonviolent competition.

Even if a governed world can be devised, it will not represent the ultimate in human aspiration and achievement. The problem of more people than the world can creatively sustain—a problem that will press heavier with each passing year; the problem of scarcity in most areas and superabundance in a few; the problem of unresolved geographic boundaries and contested territories; the problem of freedom for those countries still under outside rule; the problem of refugees; the problem of mandated territories; the problem of minorities; the problem of world health—all these problems and many more will continue, some of them in intensified form, even though a governed world can be brought into being.

The only difference will be that for the first time the world's peoples will have available to them the rational means for dealing with its main problems.

—N.C.

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Values

Continued from page 26

and went to Oxford or Cambridge on scholarships, and are now part of a new, still emerging English culture. André Siegfried once said: "When England changes we say she is dying, and it is never true." Mr. Green might ponder that.

LIFE GOALS: The components of Shepard's Clough's **"Basic Values of Western Civilization"** (Columbia University Press, $3) are all familiar, beginning with respect for the individual and ranging through liberty, the Golden Rule, material well-being, art or "the finer things of life," science, and the faith in progress. His point is that such values or life goals constitute the essence of a culture, that the power struggles today have tended more and more to become conflicts between cultures, and that most Westerners are not clearly or fully aware of their basic values, because they take them for granted. In his analytical survey of them he also considers some conflicting values, such as nationalism, and he keeps an eye on the further complications of regional, class, and group differences within our civilization. He takes up, too, the very difficult problem of determining what are actually the ruling values of any given people, or how intensely they are felt. Nevertheless his work is unpretentious, and generally sensible and temperate.

Unfortunately, it is not very illuminating or stimulating. On some values, such as art and the humanities, Professor Clough seems superficial, overrating the lip service paid to them. (Other professors may be surprised to hear that "institutions of learning" constitute the real "temples" of our culture.) At best he offers no really new insights or fresh observations. For the most part he is content to present commonplace ideas, in a uniformly pedestrian style that may make them seem triter than they are. He reaches conclusions like "if we would keep our value system intact, we should maintain our organization of society."

I should add that although Professor Clough occasionally introduces comparisons with other cultures, he modestly disclaims any intention of a thorough comparative study. It would be impertinent to suggest that he should have taken on such a large subject. But I think more extensive comparisons might have sharpened and freshened his observations, and contributed to his stated purpose of making Westerners more aware of their distinctive values.

—Herbert J. Muller.

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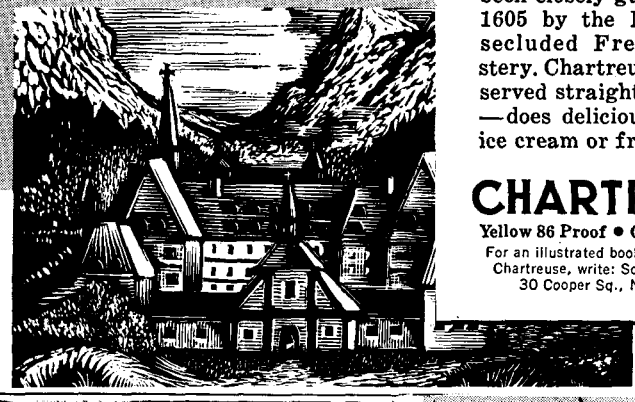

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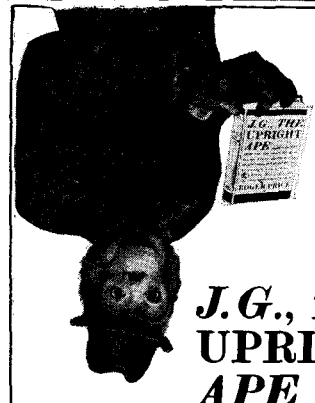

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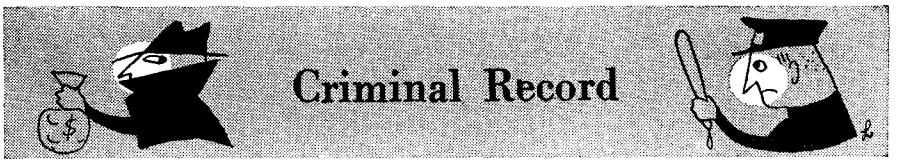

THE SILENT HOSTAGE. *By Sarah Gainham. Dutton.* $3. Young English widow goes to Yugoslavia to work on movie script, but plots and counterplots (also sudden death) produce noncultural complications. Good scenery and credible natives.

A PACT WITH SATAN. *By Leonard Holton. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Los Angeles housewife, fearing murder, appeals to nice Father Joseph Bredder; following her death, he plays eye, with assists from sympathetic and capable cop. Warm-hearted and convincing.

BAR SINISTER. *By K. G. Ballard. Crime Club.* $2.95. Slaughter of Spanish grandee throws wrenches in plans of mature American movie star (f.); Inspector Clay Crowell of New York police (nice guy—employs butler) heads investigating team. Fine suspense, detection.

AGROUND. *By Charles Williams. Viking.* $2.95. Disappearance of Florida schooner almost lands charter-captain in clink; he finds missing craft with aid of lady owner, and then hell *really* pops. A humdinger.

ENTER MURDERERS. *By Henry Slesar. Random House.* $2.95. Off-Broadway theatre group plans million-dollar squeeze on amorous realtor, but direction goes sour and corpses litter stage. Amiably preposterous.

DARK LADY. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $2.95. Thesis-writing prof. engages Connecticut River cottage, scene of 1884 homicide; urge to solve killing takes over and, by gum, he does it. Author's usual sure-handed, well-paced job.

MURDER BY REQUEST. *By Beverly Nichols. Dutton.* $2.95. Horatio Green, aging English eye, attempts preservation of baronet who is threatened with extermination on a definite date. Leisurely and pleasant.

THE PROGRESS OF A CRIME. *By Julian Symons. Harper.* $3.50. Teenster killing in English provincial center has numerous ramifications, affects many lives. Sensitive and authoritative job.

BLOOD RED. *By Anthony Morton. Crime Club.* $2.95. English-born tycoon who made killing in U.S. oil buys fiancée £75,000 bauble, but nuptials threaten to go kaput when ranking mobster takes knife in gullet. Extravaganza.

JOURNEY INTO CRIME. *By Don Whitehead. Random House.* $4.95. Twenty-one truetales from sixteen countries by author of "The F.B.I. Story"; period is 1872 to present; not all dialogue documentable. Choice selection, told with zip.

THE END OF THE NIGHT. *By John D. MacDonald. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. This powerful, fast-paced job begins with the electrocution of the Wolf Pack (quartet of killers, including one female), then backtracks to beginnings, largely in words of "college boy" who became entangled with evil trio. A smasheroo.

DO YOU KNOW THIS VOICE? *By Evelyn Berckman. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Aged Czech housewife is key figure in attempt by U.S. bigtown police to snag kidnaper whose recorded phone talk with victim's father is broadcast to citizenry. Somewhat involved, but good attention-gripper.

THE MERCENARIES. *By Donald E. Westlake. Random House.* $2.95. New York mob's executive v.p. has busy time carrying out boss's orders, including killings. Fast and literate toughie.

BUT NOT FORGOTTEN. *By Ruth Fenisong. Crime Club.* $2.95. New York bookshop prop. (f.) tizzied when reform-school alumnus seeks recruits; old killing is solved. It's for kicks, like.

MURDER: ONE, TWO, THREE. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $2.95. Chief Inspector Roger (Handsome) West, C.I.D., teams with nice provincial super to break seven-year-old robbery case that produces multiple murder. Excellent mystification.

BROTHER CAIN. *By Simon Raven. Simon & Schuster.* $3.75. All-but-cashiered British Army officer takes high-paying mystery job and finds self in web of international intrigue. High-grade specialty job is strong medicine.

HALL OF DEATH. *By Nedra Tyre. Simon & Schuster.* $2.85. New teacher in state training school for girls has bad time, but others among inmates and staff have worst possible. Not up to author's previous. —SERGEANT CUFF.

The Peace Game

Continued from page 15

for the redistribution of natural resources and capital supplies, in accordance with what appeared to be the requirements of efficiency if not of justice. Again, we cannot accept the existing economic distribution as perpetual. Without the war system, a living international order would have to develop other means of effecting just and necessary changes.

International war has been a significant instrument of internal revolution and social change. The abolition of organized international war obviously cannot be expected to eliminate violence from the affairs of men, and it may be unnecessary to look for mechanisms to substitute for international war in this function. But some problems remain. If we do not need international war to foment or support necessary domestic revolution, we do need something to fulfill its function of controlling or regulating the effects of revolution.

THE war system has provided the final sanction for the adjustment of many lesser international issues which would continue to arise. These are issues over such matters as the protection of foreign investments, both public and private, extractive and fishing rights, protection of nationals abroad, immigration rights, tariffs and export-import quotas. The warless world would have to provide its own means for adjudicating them.

War has also provided our *ultima ratio* in the greatest of the world's moral issues, turning on our convictions as to freedom, justice, and religious faith. To many Americans, the Soviet dictatorship represents not simply a military threat but a positive moral evil with which there can be no peace or enduring coexistence; but organized war has provided the only instrument whereby to decide the issues this presents. Those who try to imagine a warless world cannot avoid this problem.

Finally, one may perhaps generalize these functions of war into one: it is the determinant of international power relations. How would the basic issues of power be resolved in a multinational world from which organized war had been excluded? The usual (if hasty) answer is that it would be impossible; to exclude war it would first be necessary to absorb the national sovereignties into some form of world government or superstate endowed with a monopoly of international force. But this is simplistic, and overlooks the difficulties inherent in the concept of "power" itself.

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"Power" is a shorthand word. Like the words "space" and "time," it reflects a common human experience. In all systems of human relationship, from the family to the superstate, there is an element of coercion, and this element, wherever it occurs and in whatever degree it is significant or controlling, we conveniently designate as "power." No form of international organization is likely to eliminate the coercive element from the life of man. But it does not follow that this element must be organized into the form of multi-megaton and biological weapons, massive missile and military forces, and all the rest of the apparatus of modern military technology. The underlying problem of "power" on the world stage cannot be neglected by those interested in the possibility of a warless world, but it is not, *prima facie*, insoluble.

These appear to be the chief functions which the war system has served in the development of contemporary human society. There may be others. But all these, at least, must be taken into consideration by anyone who would seriously set out to peace-game the future. Let us now see how these essential functions of war might be discharged in a world which had agreed to exclude international war from its affairs.

Domestic Uses of War

THE MOST SALIENT of the internal functions of the war system is represented by its role in the economic structure. In a world without war, how would this role be fulfilled? American economists are said to be quite generally agreed that there is no insuperable economic obstacle to disarmament. If this is the consensus, one cannot help feeling that it rests partly on the fact that most are thinking only in terms of what might today be feasible—say, a drop of existing expenditure by a third or a half—rather than in terms of a total dismantling of the war system, and partly on the pressure upon American industry in general to prove that its needs are no bar to peace. Yet it seems reasonable to suppose that given sufficient time for readjustment and sufficient advance planning for alternative products, for retraining skilled workers, reconverting or relocating the great concentrations of military production, it would be possible for even a full-employment economy to replace the loss of $50 or $60 billion from the Gross National Product.

The real difficulty will lie, not in the economics of such a process but in the politics of it, which is to say, in the planning. A serious issue will arise at the beginning from the fact that the whole of this expenditure is now in the "public sector" and planned as thoroughly as the military and scientific staffs and governmental budgetary agencies can do it. How much would be retained in the public sector, to be publicly planned; how much would be restored (through tax reduction) to private industry, to be re-employed in accordance with such planning as competitive corporate enterprise may be capable of? The conflicts, both of interest and of theory, which this issue could generate are readily imaginable.

Such issues would undoubtedly be complicated by the group interests of the various kinds of skilled manpower which would have to be retrained or at least relocated. It has been suggested that we might reconvert the military officer corps into university and high school teachers. While the suggestion is no doubt partly facetious, it at least illuminates the complexities of the economic as well as of the social and status problems involved. What bureau would have the authority to transform a naval lieutenant commander into a high school physics teacher? The conversion over some relatively short period of a tenth of the national economy to other forms of production would, it seems reasonable to infer, have to be managed by the development of more rational and perhaps more authoritarian agencies for the allocation of capital investment, material supplies, and manpower than we now possess. This would in turn raise presumably difficult problems of conflicts of interest and political power. One may well doubt the adequacy of our existing democratic political institutions and processes to deal with them; one must therefore contemplate the possibility of institutional changes in both the economic and the political field in directions which to many today would seem highly undesirable.

ONE would anticipate a further expansion in the planning and regulatory powers of the governmental, especially the federal, bureaucracy. One would expect a further decline in both the legislative and representational functions of Congress, the political parties, and the electoral process in general, in favor of a rise in administration as the major center of political life. Should such results flow from the establishment of the warless world, there would be many to deplore and oppose them. Two points, however, may be made. One concerns the scale on which these changes would come about. The modern economy has a flexibility and subtlety likely to confound those who condemn it, on the projection of trends, to "inevitable" transformations. To convert 10 per cent of the national production into other forms under an initial state of full employment seems certainly a formidable task; but at least the other 90 per cent would remain in being to cushion the shocks and take up the slack.

The second point is that the tendency is operating upon us in any event and will continue to do so, regardless of what is done about the war system and the military budget. In the least military aspects of our lives, technology is proving a hard master and forcing us more and more insistently into administrative rather than electoral or legislative forms of the political process.

War and the fear of war have operated powerfully in the promotion of technology and to a lesser extent in the promotion of science and of education. The unlocking of nuclear energy, while by far the greatest, is by no means the only major scientific-technical achievement attributable directly to the pressures of war. With the powerful stimuli of war and the war system removed, would progress in knowledge, in science, and in technology tend to slow down? There are no doubt many who would be inclined to welcome a slackening in the pace of scientific and technological advance, already moving so rapidly as to create more problems than it solves; but whether that result is to be desired or feared, it is doubtful that the abolition of war would have much effect in the matter. The elimination of war could not eliminate competition of various kinds between the great power centers; and if we no longer needed weapons systems, our need for the weapons of the mind would be only the more intense. The ancient threats of disease and starvation, here or elsewhere in the world, would of course remain, while the "revolution of expectations" could be relied upon to intensify existing pressures for better science and improved technology in medicine, in agriculture, in transport and communications. The management of a warless world would, moreover, impose upon statesmanship problems in many ways more difficult than those with which it now deals; and, whether our people realized it or not, the need for a higher general level of education to produce and support the statesmen would be more rather than less acute.

THE social functions of the military bureaucracies—the provision of status, jobs, careers, and an ideal of public service and public obligation—would hardly present much difficulty to any advanced state, once the transition problems had been overcome. Germany and Japan were totally disarmed and

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their military bureaucracies disbanded without noticeable consequences for their social fabrics. Nevertheless, the difficulty which the great Communist states would have in doing without such military props to the internal order has often been noted; and those who believe that the Communist or totalitarian type of social organization cannot survive in the absence of the external military threat pose a problem for world peace which would appear, if they are right, to be insoluble. One can only question whether they are right.

The conclusion is that the internal or domestic functions of war could be served in other ways. To do so would require some institutional change, at least some improvements in education and in popular understanding, probably a considerable expansion of governmental as against private administration in our affairs. But even in the United States, where such changes would be of the greatest magnitude, there is no reason to believe that they could not be effected within the framework of what would remain a recognizably free society.

The International Order

WE HAVE ALWAYS relied upon war and the war system to maintain what measure of international law and order we have enjoyed. International law is in large degree a codification of war's arbitraments; its statutes are the treaties in which wars have ended or which have at times been forced by some powers on others under threat of war; a great many of its rules are designed to regularize and make tolerable the operation of a war system. The great issues of justice and of faith which have divided men have always been left to settlement, in the end, by war. War and the threat of war are our only present means of preserving the existing international order. Should that order be drastically modified by the agreed abolition of organized international war, some other institutions would have to be developed to preserve the new order that would result.

The abolition of war clearly must entail, in the first place, the total disarmament of all states down to police-force level and whatever institutional mechanisms may be necessary to insure that no state rearms itself for organized warfare upon its neighbors. This in turn requires the determination of what, for each of the powers, constitutes "police-force level" and some form of international authority with sufficient powers of inspection, intelligence, and investigation to insure that the agreed levels are not exceeded. The authority would presumably have to command at least enough military or police strength of its own to repress violations, should they occur, and a judicial system capable of deciding the controversies that the disarmament system would probably raise.

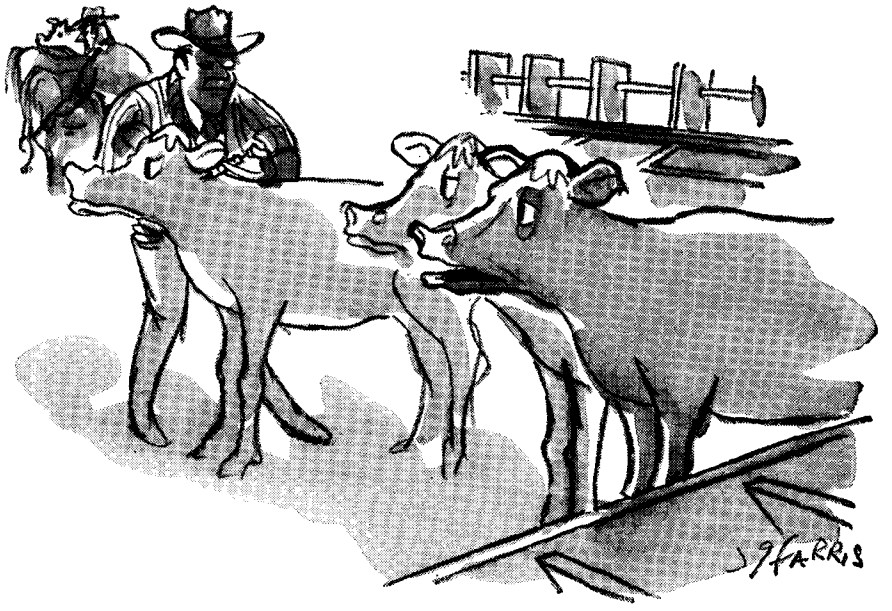
It is believed that none of these minimum requirements imposes impossible difficulties. There seems to be no technical reason why it would be impossible to reduce the world's armed force to a series of national police establishments of such a character that they could not be converted for offensive war without a great deal of time and effort of a sort which it would be impossible to conceal. And once the world had agreed to reduce to a police-force system of this kind, some institutional machinery would have to be devised to see that the agreement was not violated.

If it were confined to this one end, a fairly simple form of international organization should suffice. It would be an administrative and not a political organ—its one business being to administer a common agreement already arrived at. Since all were involved, it would presumably have to have an organ, like the present General Assembly, in which all were represented; but it would also have to have a much smaller, more compact Executive Committee, which might well follow the model of the present Security Council, but without the great-power veto.

For the sole purpose of administering a disarmament agreement, the international authority would have to be equipped with a genuinely international staff, with a highly competent intelligence and inspection service, this in turn to have defined rights of entry into the sovereign states. The authority would also have to have a judicial organ of some kind, for dealing with issues of fact that would doubtless arise.

UNDER a universal disarmament agreement, all the motivations of statesmen, publicists, and publics would change materially. Most of the pressures, like those which Germany felt after 1918, to violate the disarmament agreement would be reduced or eliminated. The threats to the survival of a universal agreement would be vastly reduced. The international authority charged with its administration would, however, have to face several possibilities. One or more of the powers might, as a matter of official policy, begin secretly to rearm with major weapons. Several of the powers might begin gradually but competitively to expand their police forces into offensive military systems. Or a military agitation might arise within a state without its official sanction, as Hitler's movement arose within the Weimar Republic.

Against a state either avowedly or clandestinely beginning to rearm as a matter of official policy, the authority's real weapon would seem to be investigation and exposure. It would presumably have to have at its disposal an international military force—small, but more heavily armed than the national police forces—to support its intelligence and investigatory system. This force should perhaps have the power physically to destroy specific illegal installations, such as military reactors or missile sites, upon their discovery. But to give the authority the military strength to coerce the governments of great states would at once convert it from an



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administrative to a political agency and raise problems of command and direction that would seem to be insuperable by any device short of a world government. The mere exposure of an official violation would, however, automatically cancel the disarmament agreement; it would put all other powers on notice of their peril and by leading them to match the offender's rearmament would destroy any advantage that he might hope to gain by it. It would be the task of the authority's intelligence system to discover the violation before the offender had time to build up a commanding lead. In the kind of world created by the disarmament agreement this should not be too difficult. The agreement could not be made unless all parties felt that it was to their own interest; they would then feel that it was very much to their own interest to "open" their societies at least to the extent necessary to insure the detection of a possible violator.

In cases of unofficial, revolutionary, or privately organized movements toward rearmament, the authority would probably have a greater power for direct action. It should, perhaps, be able to reach into the state involved, identify and arrest the individuals responsible, and bring them to trial before the international court on criminal charges. Today there is not, of course, a corpus of international law adequate to define the crime of fomenting rearmament, and considerable difficulty might appear in developing one. We have no legal principles available which would enable us to identify and arrest another Hitler; and if we did, we would probably have difficulty in determining whether or not they were applicable to "borderline" figures—such as the Nassers, the Castros, the Mussolinis, or, for that matter, the Lenins and the Maos—who might well reappear. There is reason to expect, however, that an adequate body of this kind of law might be developed, as administrative law is now developed, out of the detailed regulations of the authority executive as ratified by its representative assembly. One may foresee the possibility that regulatory provisions of this kind could turn from a means of suppressing rearmament into a means for suppressing any kind of revolutionary social change. That would appear to be a risk, if it is a risk, which the warless world would have to take.

Given an initial agreement to establish a warless world order, could that order be preserved free of organized international war? To do this, two things would be required: the reduction of all existing armed forces to forms in which, while capable of exercising the legitimate and necessary internal "monopoly of force," would be incapable of waging foreign war; and the establishment of institutional arrangements which would insure that the national forces would remain in these forms. To the first there seems to be no technical bar; and while the second raises problems, they do not seem to be obviously insoluble.

External Uses of War

UNDER THIS mechanistic solution of the war problem, war would be eliminated from the world by the simplistic device of rendering the nations militarily or physically harmless to each other and providing just sufficient means for keeping them that way. But this simple concept, while it seems tacitly to underlie most proposals for attaining peace through disarmament, will not carry one very far. One cannot contemplate a world from which organized war was been excluded without considering the political and emotional functions which organized war fulfills in the existing one.

These may be looked at from either of two points of view. As seen from within any modern state, war serves the functions of preserving the nation's territorial integrity, defending its "vital interests," meeting its economic needs, and preserving (or enhancing) its prestige or "power." From a global point of view it serves the function of regulating the international conflicts which arise among the armed sovereigns and effecting those changes in political and social structures or in the distribution of territory and natural resources which appear to be historically necessary.

From the first point of view, the problem appears, at first glance at least, to be somewhat more manageable. Preservation of the territorial integrity of the state is universally accepted, both in law and in practice, as the primary duty of any modern government. The American Constitution, in denying to the several states the power to "engage in war," added the proviso "unless actually invaded" or in imminent peril of invasion. In a world reduced from a military to a police-force form of organization, however, the several states would retain the power to protect their frontiers against border forays or local disputes, which would be the most in the form of military action which a neighbor could organize against them without patent violation of the disarmament agreement. The major force which has led to invasions and appropriations of territory in modern times would, moreover, be removed. Overwhelmingly, these episodes have been strategic in impulse; the great peril against which each nation has relied upon war to defend it is mainly a creation of the war system itself.

But much the same can be said of the other "vital" interests. Again they are almost wholly strategic in character. The goals of modern wars have not been wealth, or land, or other natural resources; at worst they have been "power," at best "security." In recent times the strongest aggressive pressures have come from the Soviet Union, one of the most nearly self-sufficient of all the national politico-economic systems. So far, such aggressive moves or gestures as have emanated from China have been of trivial economic significance; their motive force has been a drive for power and military prestige. India, with her appalling internal problems, is the most "neutralist" and pacifistic of all the great states. It seems safe to say that there is no nation in the world for which the genuinely "vital interests" of its people would not be better served by peace than by resort to organized war; and it seems reasonable that a reduction of the world from a military to a police-force organization, with the consequent elimination of the purely strategic factor from international relations, would suffice to make this clear.

EVEN granted, however, that there is no nationally organized people today whose genuine interests will not be better served by peace than by war, it is sometimes argued that this will not always be the case. Harrison Brown has emphasized the inordinately difficult problems being created for all peoples by the explosion of the "population bomb." If the present, roughly equitable distribution of land and resources provides a possible basis for international stability, what will happen as a rapidly increasing population begins to press more and more insistently upon diminishing resources? The difficulties inherent in the problems of management and allocation thus posed are obviously enormous, but, once the war institution were eliminated, it seems unlikely that they would appear to any people, or any government, to be the kind of difficulties which can be resolved by its revival. One of the stronger forces everywhere operating today against a continuance of the war system is its futility for meeting these grave issues of the future and the frustrations it imposes upon those who attempt to do so. There are few problems of the future for which even limited warfare will appear to any people to offer a practicable solution.

Looked at from within the nation-state, the defense of the national territory and the really vital interests of its inhabitants under a police-force form

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of organization does not appear to present any insuperable difficulty. Looked at from the global point of view, however, the matter is less simple. What has been described so far is essentially a static political (and to a considerable extent economic) world order. It seems obvious, for example, that the total disarmament agreement could never be signed or brought into effect without an initial acceptance by all parties of the then-existing territorial status, and a recognition that none could thereafter alter it except by nonmilitary means. But no static world order can be expected to endure. To be realistic, any imagined world order must allow for changes of many kinds—for the revision of national boundaries, the redistribution of peoples or ethnic groups, the creation of new states or the elimination of those no longer useful, for revolutionary change in economic and social systems, shifts in the distribution of the world's capital and raw material supplies. For both the effecting and the regulation of such changes we have relied ultimately on the war system. Should it be abolished, what nonmilitary mechanisms would remain, or would have to be created, to serve the purpose?

In our obsessive preoccupation with the war system and its strategic imperatives we tend to overlook the many mechanisms of this kind which already exist. It can, indeed, be argued that the reality of the world society is the fabric of a supranational, yet dynamic, order already woven by international commerce, international finance, international communications, and international law; the illusion is the clash of national armed sovereignties, something no longer really relevant in the affairs of men. We have seen many great changes taking place without the intervention of organized international war.

The Problem of Power

A WORLD WHICH HAD excluded organized international war would not be wanting in mechanisms to provide both for stability and for change. But could it so regulate both as to provide as well for freedom and justice?

Perhaps the same question can be asked in another way: Could it meet the problem of power? If power is defined as the ability to coerce, then it would seem that its exercise must always embody some concept of freedom and justice; and it is out of the inevitable clash of these concepts that the problem of power arises.

On the international stage we are accustomed to think of power almost wholly as either immediate or ultimate *military* power. The nation with the most and biggest nuclear bombs has the most power. But as it grows increasingly evident that no one either wants or dares to use the bombs, this becomes another of the notions no longer applicable to the existing world. Yet so far we have found nothing to put in its place, except, perhaps, the idea of a world government exercising a global monopoly of force in which all military power would be extinguished. And this idea is repugnant, because it would also extinguish all conflicting views of freedom and justice, in favor of some rigid and uniform concept. The obvious impossibility of constructing such a uniform "world law" out of the violently conflicting concepts available today—conflicts of Communism and non-Communism, of "free" dictatorship against democracy, of regional and sectional and partisan difference—makes world government in a literal sense impossible. A rational world order, even more than a rational domestic order, must be pluralistic; and how could one base a pluralistic world system on a global monopoly of force?

THE too easy escape for advocates of world government is to conceive of the world law as purely constitutional; it would set up a broad and general framework within which the rival, pluralistic concepts of freedom and justice would struggle by always legal means to be decided by a strictly juridical process. This is supposed to be the way in which the clashing pluralisms within a free society—like that of the United States—are regulated and harmonized; ours is a "government of laws, not men." But merely to extend this notion by analogy to a global government is far too simple. To begin with, of course, the laws, if not made, are at any rate declared by men, and where are the men capable of writing a constitution for the globe? And how could a global monopoly of force compel a similar unity in diversity? If it did so by sheer force alone, the manipulators of the global government would become tyrants of an appalling kind; if it attempted to do so by the writing of law, the law would be without sanction, and therefore without effect, in the hearts of most of those whom it pretended to control. World government, or even "world law," is no answer to the problem of power.

But in a world from which war had been excluded other answers would still be available. International law has already thrown a fairly strong encrustation around the relations of states. In the whole U-2 incident, perhaps the most significant aspect was the fact that President Eisenhower felt compelled to bow to the international law which forbids violations of territory (he canceled further U-2 flights before he made his rather feeble attempt to alter the law so as to permit overflights of secretive potential aggressors). The cancelation of the overflights stands. The attempt to legitimize such flights under the United Nations seems to have no future. Even though America was caught guilty here, Americans may have to admit to themselves that the international law against overflights is possibly a more useful and rational way of preventing the world from blowing itself to pieces than would be a new law in which overflights were legitimate.

In a warless world, it is to be expected that international law, with the juridical and arbitral instruments it already possesses, would grow farther than it has done to encrust and so regularize issues which are now beyond its purview. It has apparently been able to accept expropriations or even confiscations that might half a century ago have been the causes of war. It can undoubtedly manage many other of the routine or administrative issues—fisheries, commercial rights, airways, the disposition of space or of Antarctica, rules for safety at sea—which have in the past offered ground for sometimes embittered nationalistic dispute over freedom and justice. What it has never shown the slightest sign of being able to do is to decide disputes over the "vital" (mainly strategic) interests of the powers, or over the basic issues of freedom and justice which arise in the world. A dispute like that between Britain and Iceland over fishing rights ought to be subject to juridical settlement by the agencies of international order now in existence. But the dispute between the Soviet Union and the Hungarian rebels was of a kind which no juridical system we now possess could possibly have dealt with and which no putative "world law," of a kind which could be developed out of existing political and social institutions, would be able to control.

The abolition of war should remove the strategic issues. But who can doubt that power issues, turning on conflicting ideas of freedom and justice, would remain? The internal power struggles would obviously involve external forces, even if these were expressed by such nonmilitary methods as propaganda, economic pressures, the fomentation of revolt. The Russian dictatorship would be driven to expand its power base in the unstable areas of the outer world even more vigorously than it is now trying to do. The West would redouble its present efforts to maintain or expand its own influence and power wherever instability might develop. It

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may be said the ultimate result would be simply the replacement of the present highly organized war system by a chaotic cold war system, relying heavily on riot and subversion, in which the decision of fundamental issues of freedom and justice would be more haphazard and more destructive than they are now.

EVEN without the threat of internal disruption, it seems likely that the major power systems would continue to compete with each other on the international stage. This competition would be waged (as it is now in fact being waged) by the use of economic resources, of propaganda, of infiltrative and subversive techniques, by the support of insurrectionary or guerrilla wars. The wealthy states could use their capital resources to attract to themselves movements favorable to them in the disputed areas; or could use them (as the Congress, with the bill putting the Cuban sugar quota at the discretion of the President, apparently hoped to do) to throttle adverse tendencies. The uses of propaganda seem fairly obvious. The uses of infiltration and subversion are poorly understood everywhere—even the Russians and the Chinese are less adept in these arts than they are generally credited with being—but in unstable and revolutionary areas could be dramatic. Would freedom and justice in the long run be better served, or would the end be a chaos of disorder in which all cherished values perished?

The question is inherently unanswerable, since there is no single, universally accepted view of what constitutes freedom and justice. But some observations are possible. The net effect of such a situation (which is "cold war," from which the great weapons of modern hot war have been subtracted) would be to restore a great deal of force to popular movements. The Japanese riots, which vetoed President Eisenhower's good-will visit, are a case in point. They may have been exploited and led by Russian-oriented Communists, but they would have been impossible without deep-running popular reactions to the world problem. These reactions may have been misguided—popular reactions in no national organization are by any means always wise—but they were popular; they were not the product of manipulation by foreign managers, and they asserted an authority over the history of modern Japan which could not have been asserted in any other way or by any other agency.

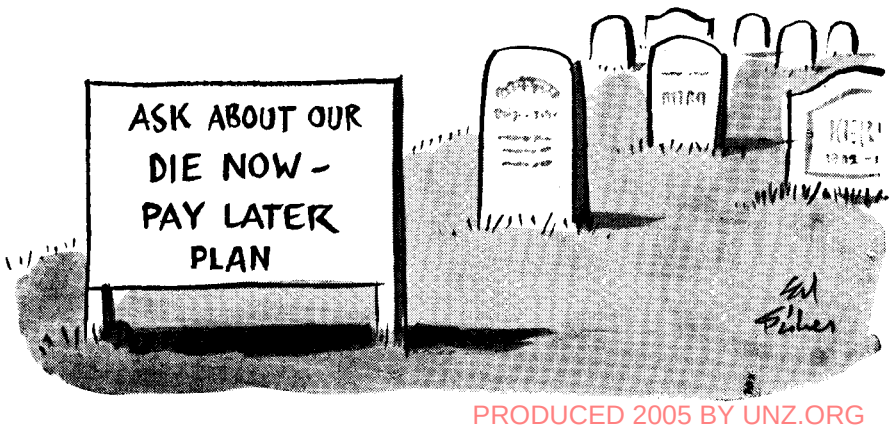
A second consequence of the situation envisaged would be a further erosion of the already badly eroded line dividing domestic from international affairs. Many of the issues of freedom and justice in a world from which organized war had been excluded would be put to the test of guerrilla war. We have in modern times a long and complicated history of guerrilla war and its concomitants in determining the ultimate relations of states and answering the ultimate questions of freedom and justice. It always raises the same problems, whether it has an international or mainly domestic impact. There is the core of determined resistance, arising from some deeply felt need of the people concerned. There are the opponents of the resistance movement, trying to work for peace. There are the collaborators, who would rather live in comfort with the enemy than in hardship with the patriots, and are subjected usually to the most brutal coercions from both sides. These elements were all present in the American Revolution (which through most of the years it lasted was much more a guerrilla than an organized war) and have reappeared in every such situation since then — in the Philippines during the "insurrection," in the second and guerrilla phase of the Boer War, in Ireland, in the Japanese invasion of China, in Southeast Asia after the Second World War, in the Mau Mau revolt in Kenya, and in Algeria.

Guerrilla wars rest for their success upon the support of the population. Some have succeeded, many have failed; but, win or fail, this makes them probably as true an expression of the underlying "general will" of those concerned as any form of political expression. They are often characterized by great savagery and cruelty. But there seems to be a kind of general acceptance of their outcomes as representing a closer approach to the goals of freedom and justice than do the outcomes of the great international wars; and their results often show a stability which the results of the great wars do not.

It appears to be impossible to devise, with the human materials which are all that are available to us, any formal system of law or order or faith which will infallibly yield a maximum of freedom, of justice in the affairs of men. But considering the inordinate complexity of the interrelated domestic and international changes which are taking place, a "system," if it can be called such, relying on a slowly growing corpus of law and pacific custom enclosing, as it were, a core of mob violence and guerrilla war, would seem to hold out more promise than the system of highly organized and massive military structures to which our future is now committed. If the results might threaten to be chaotic, the chaos they would produce would be orderly in comparison with the unutterable chaos with which the great weapons now threaten our civilization.

Conclusions

IT IS THE CONTENTION of this study that a world which had initially agreed to exclude organized international war from its affairs would be a viable world. It could develop institutions adequate to maintain the agreement and it would have or could develop institutional means for deciding those basic issues of freedom and justice which we have immemorially confided to the war system. These institutional means would not be free of violence; it would still be true that "the tree of liberty" would have to be "watered by the blood of martyrs." Men would still die for principle or for passion; but they would not die as the helpless, systemic victims of a world order based upon highly organized and armed national sovereignties. Deprived of the easy simplicities and illusory securities of the war system, statesmanship would meet more, not less, difficult problems than those it must now confront; and it would take brains, illuminated by vision in the leaders and education in their followers, to surmount them. A world from which organized war had been excluded would not be an easy one, and it would raise threats to various groups, economic interests, ideals, and convictions which



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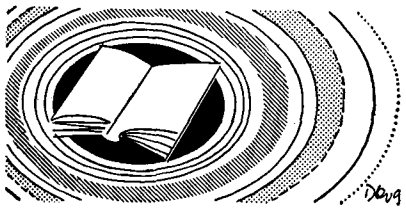
may well seem greater than the still almost unimaginable threat presented to all by a continuance of the war system itself. But it would be a viable world; it would meet the needs of people for both order and change at least as well as the present world appears to do, and hopefully a great deal better.

But if, once it were established, the warless world would be practicable, one must meet the question of whether it would ever be practicable to establish it. It is certainly not practicable now. It will never be practicable until peoples everywhere are generally convinced that it offers a viable alternative to the existing system. But, unfortunately, more than the peoples are concerned; their governments, and the leaders, the politicians, the managers of economic organizations, even the churchmen and opinion-makers who constitute the governments, and who have so often used the war system to seize or maintain their power positions, must also be convinced of the viability from their own points of view of the alternative form of organization.

This conviction is growing among peoples and governors, although slowly. One of the great imperial systems already stands officially committed to the abolition of war, through the device of total disarmament to police-force level. The power is the Soviet Union, and the commitment was stated in the Khrushchev proposal of 1959. But the proposal was brushed off by the West (and, it would seem, by China) as not even having been intended for serious consideration. The reasons for the Western reaction, at least, are obvious. It was considered to be a trap, much as were previous Russian proposals of the same kind—the invitation to universal disarmament advanced by the Bolsheviks after 1918 and the Czar's summons to an arms "holiday" at the Hague Conference in 1899. But one cannot help wondering what really serious diplomacy might not have been able to do with the Khrushchev offer. It does not seem so impossible for Western diplomacy to take the proposal seriously, to probe into its exact meaning, to ask just how, assuming it were accepted in the West, the Russians themselves would expect to resolve the power issues remaining. What sacrifices would the Russians be prepared to make, in terms of power or prestige, for those they demand of the West? Such an inquiry would have no immediate results today. But the relative success of the purely technical



conferences on the banning of nuclear tests or the peaceful applications of atomic energy suggest that here is an approach which might lead to real and useful consequences. At worst it would get us away from the barren business (indulged in equally by both sides) of devising armament proposals on the theory that if accepted they won't really cost us anything, and if rejected they will "prove" that the other side "doesn't really want disarmament" and is therefore the guilty party. This is a game at which the Russians have always been considerably more adept than we; and at best it is utterly futile. If we could bring the Russians into a serious consideration of the way in which a totally disarmed world could be expected to operate, we would not have solved the global problem, but we would be nearer to it than we shall ever get by any number of disarmament conferences or addresses in the forum of the U.N.

It is the hope of this inquiry to turn attention toward possible efforts of this kind. A warless world seems to be viable; its attainment, while immeasurably difficult, does not seem to be impossible, given a continuation of the educative, organizational, unifying social forces already at large in a confused world.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Ravished city for which a recent popular piano "concerto" was named.

B. Oriental.

C. Popular article of food or a stupid person.

D. In heraldry, lined with a specified fur; increased 100% in bulk, weight, risk, etc.

E. What the teen-age youth is said to do to one's household economy (4 wds. followed by Word N).

F. Served with a large, cup-like spoon.

G. Unwilling.

H. Saucy, argumentative answers (2 wds.).

I. One of the Hebrew names for God, as Almighty or Sufficient (2 wds.).

J. Having surface inequalities.

K. Tiny organ of normal achromatic, low-intensity vision in man.

L. One Japanese "war criminal", of Bataan and Corregidor, executed 1945.

WORDS

177 166 70 164 82 32

15 182 75 25 36 41 65

183 8 153 35 125 150

114 119 11 16 173 38 45

121 87 157 1 60 54 181 138 128 171 43 103 110

135 100 95 126 91 69

19 42 67 165 96

134 40 3 188 62 97 161 141

193 46 66 86 53 184 78 116 142

131 48 172 144 149

18 47 117 92 147 127

21 189 167 63 30 192 71 89 76

DEFINITIONS

M. System of names used in any particular branch of knowledge or art.

N. See Word E (2 wds.).

O. From there.

P. What toothsome geese are said to do (2 wds.).

Q. Protecting or ornamental top of a shoe.

R. Said Mark Antony: "____ _____ I loved Caesar less, but . . . Rome more" (2 wds.).

S. United; combined.

T. Too dear in price.

U. Not fettered or bound; free.

V. Meaning of "ult." (2 wds.).

W. Proper, right, desirable, course of action (4 wds.).

X. Supplied (with some quality or power).

Y. Perched.

WORDS

120 187 194 27 2 80 14 33 190 154 94 136

24 68 174 56 123 99 162

88 26 6 105 170 57

109 168 12 52 156 64 118 115

140 77 49 9 102 122

51 112 31 158 146 163 55

106 137 83 28 133 61 13 151

132 72 20 113 23 104 180 5

17 44 130 37 178 58 139 73 111 4 98

185 124 84 85 148 93 34 7 152

22 159 129 191 90 50 169 155 145 79 101 176

160 143 39 29 107 10

74 59 186 179 108 81 175

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 E	2 M	3 H	4 U		5 T	6 O		7 V	8 C	9 Q	10 X	
11 D	12 P	13 S	14 M	15 B		16 D	17 U	18 K	19 G	20 T	21 L		22 W	23 T	24 N	25 B	
26 O	27 M		28 S	29 X	30 L	31 R		32 A	33 M	34 V	35 C	36 B	37 U	38 D	39 X		40 H
41 B	42 G	43 E	44 U	45 D		46 I	47 K	48 J	49 Q	50 W	51 R	52 P		53 I	54 E		55 R
56 N	57 O		58 U	59 Y	60 E	61 S	62 H	63 L	64 P	65 B	66 I		67 G	68 N	69 F		70 A
71 L	72 T	73 U	74 Y	75 B		76 L	77 Q	78 I		79 W	80 M	81 Y	82 A	83 S	84 V		85 V
86 I	87 E	88 O		89 L	90 W	91 F		92 K	93 V	94 M	95 F		96 G	97 H	98 U		99 N
100 F	101 W	102 Q		103 E	104 T	105 O	106 S	107 X		108 Y	109 P	110 E		111 U	112 R	113 T	114 D
	115 P	116 I	117 K		118 P	119 D	120 M	121 E		122 Q	123 N		124 V	125 C	126 F		127 K
128 E	129 W		130 U	131 J	132 T	133 S	134 H	135 F	136 M		137 S	138 E		139 U	140 Q	141 H	142 I
143 X	144 J		145 W	146 R	147 K	148 V		149 J	150 C		151 S	152 V	153 C	154 M	155 W	156 P	157 E
	158 R	159 W	160 X		161 H	162 N	163 R	164 A	165 G		166 A		167 L	168 P	169 W		170 O
171 E	172 J	173 D	174 N		175 Y	176 W		177 A	178 U	179 Y		180 T	181 E		182 B	183 C	184 I
	185 V	186 Y	187 M	188 H		189 L	190 M		191 W	192 L	193 I	194 M					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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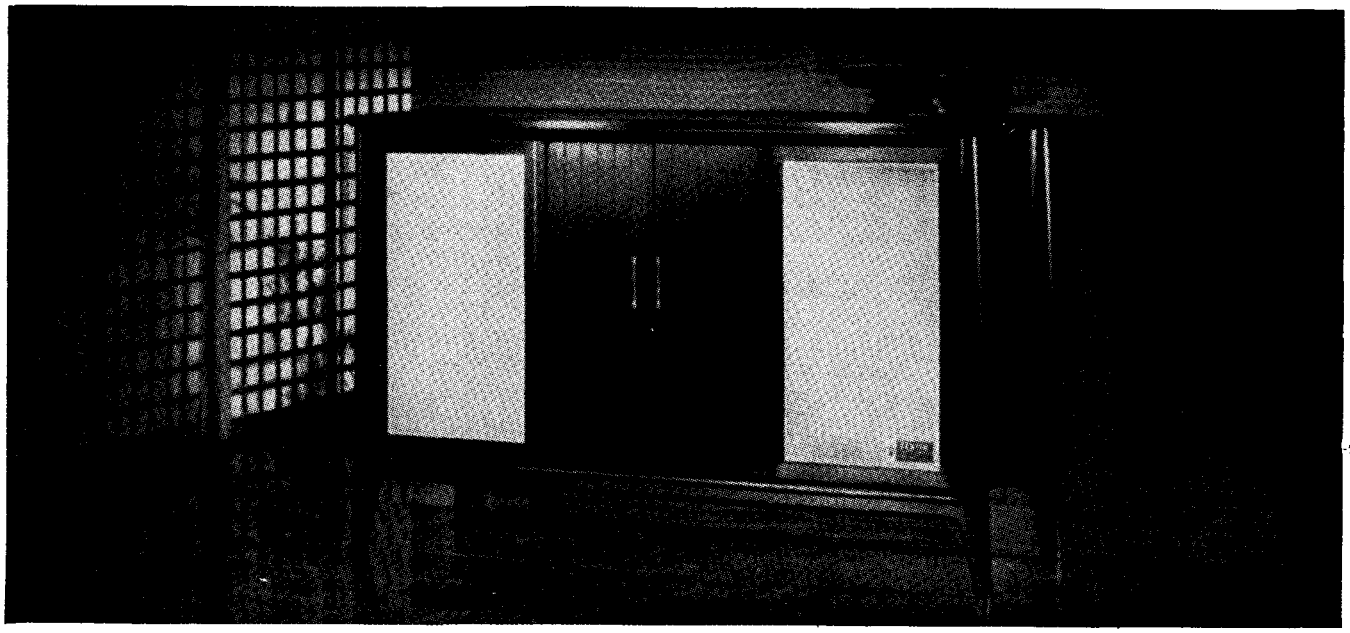

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Sleeper in "Sleeping Beauty"—Jussi Bjoerling

ALMOST everything about the latest "Sleeping Beauty" of the Royal Ballet in the Metropolitan Opera House at the opening of its sixth American tour was different from the one which introduced the company to this country in 1949. No Constant Lambert in the pit, no Beryl Grey as the Lilac Fairy, no Frederick Ashton as Carabosse, no Robert Helpmann as Prince. All that remained constant was Tchaikovsky's music, the Petipa choreography, the sumptuous decor of Oliver Messel, and the dazzling Aurora of Margot Fonteyn—these and the inflexible standards of the Royal (then the Sadler's Wells) Ballet, which made the latest in the sequence among the greatest.

To be sure, it is difficult to shame the appeal of a theatrical evening in which so proud a performer as Fonteyn comes on halfway through and dominates the stage with the radiant perfection of her art. But her very quality can imperil the efforts of a cast which might otherwise seem tolerable. That this 1960 edition (a title it earns by the new and improved execution of the Messel decor) was fluent, fresh, and utterly absorbing throughout speaks its own praise for the quality of the present personnel and the glue of hard work, discipline, and spirit with which it has been put together by the company's director, Ninette de Valois.

A strong suggestion of things to come was provided by the excellent group of Fairies in the prologue, which showed no names more familiar than those of Maryon Lane, Anya Linden, Annette Page, and Merle Park. With the latter replaced (because of an injury) by such a new-to-New York performer as Christine Beckley, plus Antoinette Sibley and Deanne Bergsma in the other roles, it was virtually a group of debutantes who faced the opening-night audience. They earned immediate acceptance for the finesse, elegance, and youthful verve of their response to the ever-invigorating music of Tchaikovsky. Miss Sibley clearly has the brilliant future predicted for her, but an even stronger impression was made by young Miss Bergsma, so junior a Lilac Fairy that her name was not included among the top thirty on the front of the program. She proved her right to this crucial assignment no less by the ability to walk than to dance, by the emanation of assurance, poise, and "it will all come out right in the end" confidence without which a performer may be a fine technician but no Lilac Fairy. Physically along the lines of the unforgettable Beryl Grey, Miss Bergsma showed a range of talents that should bear comfortably the burdens sure to be put upon her sturdy shoulders.

Of similar excellence, though more expectable, was the Carabosse of Ray Powell. Something more than a print from the copper plate of Frederick Ashton's famous creation, it made some mocking points all its own in Powell's projection of the uninvited mischief-maker whose curse gives drama to the evening's jollity. It may also be noted that Brian Shaw was warmly welcomed before so much as a bound, and his springy specialities in the "Blue Bird" variations drew a response to rival Fonteyn's. If all his associates took off and landed with more than usual assurance to John Lanchbery's admirable conducting, it could be attributed to the new pockless, pitless floor of the Metropolitan's stage. It could hardly have had a more suitable inauguration.

• • •

THE death of Jussi Bjoerling at the age of forty-nine (of a heart attack) conveyed not only shock and regret to those who enjoyed his singing without knowing him at all, but also some small irony to those who enjoyed his work the more for knowing him somewhat. By contrast with colleagues who spend their artistic capital in youth and live to regret it, Bjoerling conserved his almost fanatically, to perpetuate it for a twilight of greatness he never lived to enjoy.

Some of this came, no doubt, for being born into a family of singers. This in turn, accounts for his two American careers: one, in boyhood, as a member of a family quartet which toured the country just after World War I; the other, of course, as the possessor of a heavenly bright tenor sound which made him a shining light of the operatic firmament from the mid-Thirties on. It is common for the tenor voice to thicken and darken with use and years, but Bjoerling's retained to the end much of the silvery sheen of its earliest days.

Bjoerling never mastered more than the rudiments of operatic acting, but much can be forgiven a vocal artistry as sympathetic as his. By a fortunate coincidence that found him at home in his native Stockholm, opportunity presented itself for lunch and a talk that revealed some of his artistic philosophy as of June, 1956. It is well known in his professional world that Bjoerling had an alcohol problem most of his mature life (rather than being "indisposed," he was otherwise disposed on some of the occasions when he missed performances). This day he wasn't drinking at all (typically, he was either "off" or "on"). Asked how he was and why he didn't sing more at the Metropolitan, Bjoerling answered: "I am feeling very well. But I am only now beginning to understand all the things my teacher John Forsell used to tell me over there"—pointing across the square to the Royal Opera House—"when I was a youngster. I did what I was told, of course, but it is only now that I understand *why*. And I have so very little time in which to make use of it." This gloomy prospect from a man of forty-five, sound of body—so far as I knew—and voice, called for a rebuttal. "No," insisted Bjoerling, "I have at most five good years left. And that is why"—alluding to the other part of the question—"I sing more concerts than opera these days. It pays better, and I have to think of my family."

Whether there were other reasons, only Bjoerling could tell—and it is too late now. Frequent or infrequent, every Bjoerling appearance in New York from the first in 1937 to the last in December of 1959 was an occasion, and he rarely was heard at less than his best. He had a weakness for honors and decorations, such as being made Commander of a Swedish order, as he had a few hours before that day in Stockholm—"something I never expected before I was fifty," he stated proudly. On the other hand, he had an endearing lack of self in other contexts. On that occasion he talked admiringly of such colleagues as del Monaco, Peerce, and Tucker, but reserved his highest praise for di Stefano. "If that boy put his mind to it," said Bjoerling, "he could be No. 1 in the world." During a break in the "Turandot" recording in Rome during 1959, I made mention of the recent success of Ingemar Johanssen against Floyd Patterson. "I stayed up until 3 A.M. to hear the fight on short wave," the world-famous artist enthused. "I am a good friend of Ingemar's"—a claim most people would phrase the other way around. But that was Jussi Bjoerling . . . a good friend, too, of composers, of audiences, and of critics.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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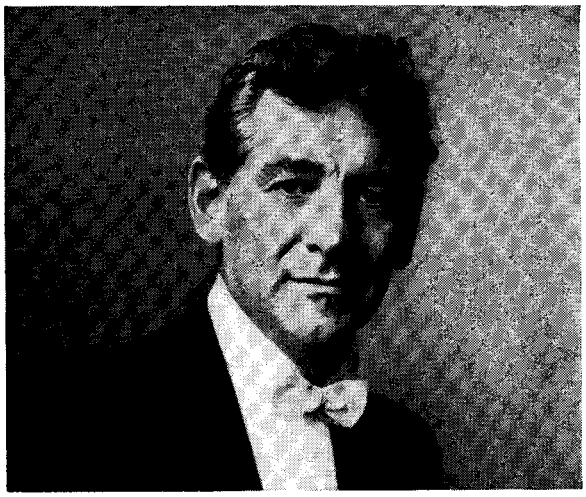

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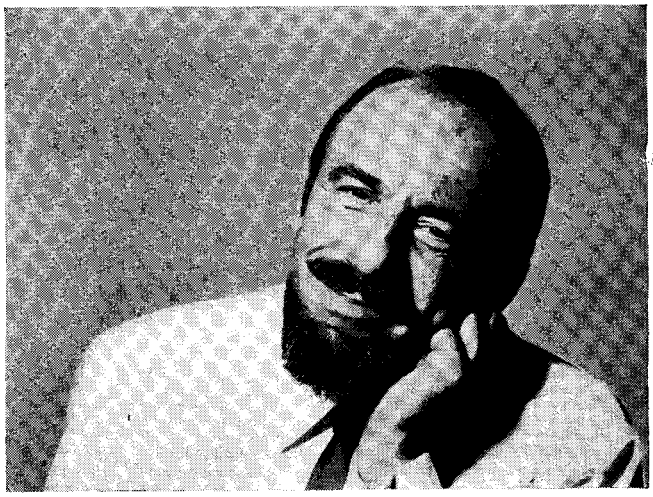

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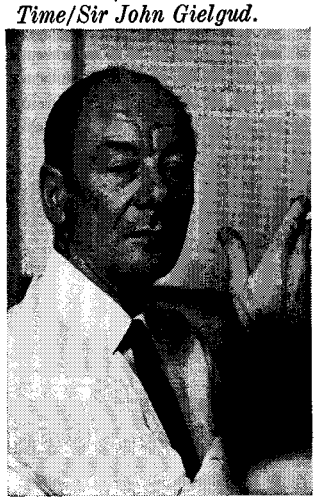

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—*Jan Holcman.*

Sigi Weissenberg on his twenty-foot-long balcony, which gives a magnificent view of the river.

SR/RECORDINGS
SEPTEMBER 24, 1960

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THE TANGLED TALENTS OF SIGI WEISSENBERG

By JAN HOLCMAN

PARIS, FRANCE.

ONCE in a long while there appears a talent capable of interpreting work in unexpected yet simple idioms, which seem to have entirely by-passed other imaginations by the merest fraction. This distinctive quality was already and particularly evident in Sigi Weissenberg when he was still in knee pants in Israel. Different pianists then praised him for different reasons. As for myself, my judgment had nothing whatever to do with his age. Had I not seen who was playing the Prelude No. 8 of Chopin, I could have taken the fourteen-year-old artist for an established master. Many of us were of the opinion that if only he could maintain this level of accomplishment, perhaps with certain minor developments, he would one day occupy an exclusive position in contemporary pianism.

I arrived in Paris sooner than expected, and made my way with uncomfortable baggage to the large and luxurious building where Sigi now occupies an apartment. With no knowledge of French (*pardonnez-moi*) I was unable to ask many questions, and my Parisian epopoeia started when I failed to locate any list of tenants. I pressed the nearest bell and waited. The only answer came from a loud dog. I took the elevator and my baggage to the next floor. All I found there was a frightened woman behind a thick wall. On the next floor, another dog. On the fourth, a man told me to go to hell, which I understood very well, language notwithstanding. Finally a kind soul accompanied by a kind dog directed me to the door of my vis-à-vis. I rang the bell. No answer. Sigi was still waiting at the station.

Many apoplexies later I found him at home with his attractive wife Carmen (a daughter of a Spanish diplomat). He was in his habitual gay humor, dressed in the casual yet flawless taste which is reflected also in his piano interpretations (Sigi, of course, is always well informed regarding developments, not only in pianism, but also in smart tailoring, good food, and other worldly matters). He began with a joke: "I see you are impressed with my apartment," he said. "Don't imagine I especially rented it for the interview. In fact, I found it by a miracle." The flat itself is something of a miracle. It is located on the Seine in the aristocratic quarter of Paris. The twenty-foot-long balcony gives a magnificent view of the river, with the rather ordinary Eiffel Tower, whose top floor is a "must" for every tourist, in the middle distance. Sigi has furnished his apartment in Napoleonic style, though not without the modern touch. The grand pianos which occupy two corners of the living room are separated in style by a century. A sophisticated dark mahogany Steinway with vertical tiger-like stripes, appropriately called "Empire," has turned its back on a dignified antique Erard, made 100 years ago for an exhibition and now tuned (or out-of-tuned) half a tone lower. The huge mirror, which is also a door, doubles the room's perspective—like those in stores where the owners are afraid you will steal something. You see a pair of Napoleonic desks, four pianos, and two wives.

The day was colored by contrasting music sessions. First, I was charmingly entertained by his two-and-a-half-year-

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old daughter, Christine, a blue-eyed angel who dances like a gifted marionette to her mother's questionable accompaniment ("I am not a pianist," she laughed). Then came *the* pianist. His display of the Goldberg Variations, although fragmentary, showed him in splendid form: meticulous finger work, intelligent phrasing, impeccable dynamic and rhythmic control. His consummate performance immediately brought the old question to my mind: Why had his exciting U.S. career ended in conflict—conflict which almost certainly had nothing to do with his change or development as an artist? It is one of these questions that require a thousand answers. Goldberg Variations continued.

WHEN the repertoire became less highbrow, my thoughts traveled back into the deep past. Now, against an ultra-modern rumba, I recalled the day in 1944 when, walking through the streets of Jerusalem, I heard an amazing performance of the Liszt Sonata. I chose to forget the pressing appointment concerning my own recital and followed the sound up two flights of stairs. I opened the door *poco a poco* and saw the master—a brown-haired boy in short pants. Two months later I went to the Ohel Hall, in Tel-Aviv, to hear the debut of a sensational child prodigy. It turned out to be the same boy, Sigi Weissenberg, then fourteen. This unforgettable debut was for long after discussed by his fellow pianists. They were profoundly impressed by Sigi's individual—I could say patented —rubato, which pulsated throughout his mature Bach, warm Franck, and sensitive Scriabin, and could be identified as original even in his somewhat raw Chopin. He already knew how to build climaxes gradually. His ideal sense of proportion covered both the dynamic and rhythmic spheres. He played everything, even at that stage, à la Weissenberg, with a certain elegance, his wizardly technique never reducing the artistic conception to the merely metronomic. Equally imposing was his later performance of the Rachmaninoff Second, inspiring praise from audience, critics, and all but the most blasé members of the orchestra. Public demand was so great that he had to perform this work at five successive concerts. This led to a triumphal tour in South Africa, and Sigi was "made." Then came his extraordinary Town Hall debut in New York in the late Forties, which followed fast on these remarkable successes, such as the Leventritt contest and his Rachmaninoff Third with Ormandy, all well remembered in musical circles.

Private circles remember him also as a gifted composer. His unpublished "Greenwich Village Suite," inspired by midnight excursions into the night club quarter, combines original rhythm and sophisticated harmony with modern melodic pattern. Sigi's own "declamatory" performance adds to it a strangely authentic mood-atmosphere of a programmatic character. The musical side of this man of many parts expresses itself just as eloquently in his concert-paraphrase of "Bitter-Sweet" and that hilarious transcription of the Dinicu Hora-Staccato, after Heifetz. In this latter, his ingenuity and provocative sense of humor, rendered through countless pianistic and harmonic devices, would make Buster Keaton laugh. His colleagues often wondered where Sigi's versatile temperament would lead him next. It led him to triumph *and* tribulation. At the height of his popularity in the U.S. Sigi broke his contract with Columbia Artists and disappeared from our stage.

The rumba ended and Sigi began to talk. The Weissenberg (U.S.) story is rather complicated. According to Sigi, he came to the U.S. in 1947 with two letters of introduction, one to Schnabel and one to Horowitz. He made use only of the one to Schnabel, who told him, "You have nothing to learn, but something to develop." He studied with Samaroff at Juilliard and was auditioned by Ormandy, who wanted to sign him for three years. "But two weeks later Ormandy wrote me that all dates were booked; though apparently not for Pressler, who got the very same contract," he recalls. Intrigues? So some say. Conversations with Judson (at Judson's invitation) led Sigi to expect to be managed personally by him. Instead, he was handed over to a branch of CAMI and found himself being managed by a "rather unpleasant man." This man nevertheless received him courteously, and arranged tours which turned out to be fairly successful. Success, however, is relative. Sigi complained that his bookings were almost entirely in the provinces, "without major orchestras and major halls"; that it was "damaging and demoralizing" to have to play the same commonplace program at many community concerts; and that he was left with no time to study a new repertoire.

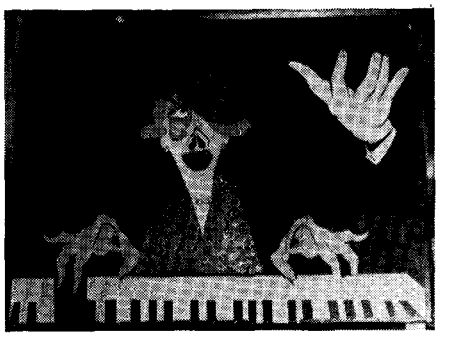
"I was not seeking *more* concerts to be more famous," he said. "I would always prefer a few recitals in major auditoriums to a long series in minor halls." When at last Sigi presented an ultimatum to his manager, he was told, "You can go! We will find somebody to replace you . . ." (they must still be looking).

But since he left the U. S. he has not played in small places for small fees "and I advise my colleagues to take the same attitude." Added to these trials were personal tangles, jealousies, and threats, which created an unhealthy artistic climate. When troubles came to Sigi they were multiple, as in fugues. He got into trouble with Baldwin when, at the last moment, he rejected the piano he had chosen for his recital ("disappointing acoustics"). He still believes that some influential people who failed to show up for that concert were talked into staying away. He quoted a letter he had received at the time, threatening to ruin his career. In 1955 he had private talks with Ormandy, Szell, Steinberg, Bernstein, and other conductors, but found that almost everywhere management was a stumbling block.

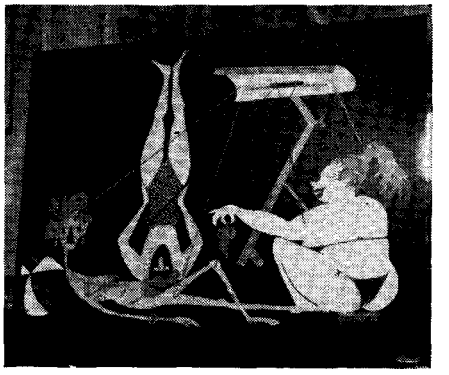
But to end Sigi's story where he has ended it would mean not to understand it. He has a rich repertoire of extra-musical activities, which all reflect his

(*Continued on page 62*)

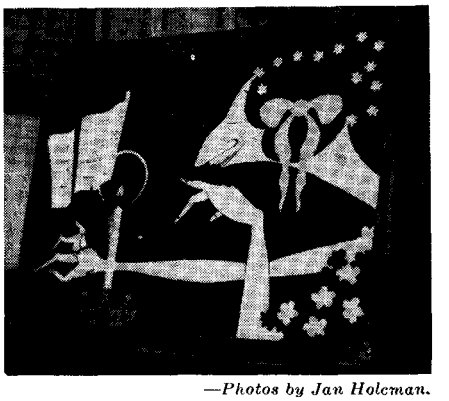
Collages by Weissenberg



Lady pianist with conductor.



Eastern allegory.



—*Photos by Jan Holcman.*

The late Wanda Landowska (at harpsichord, with candle).

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THE SCHIOTZ FILE

TO APPLY the term "career" to the brief span of Aksel Schiøtz's professional life as a tenor is to run the risk of overstatement, for the jet-propelled international race that today's musician must run in order to stay ahead of his competition was one in which Schiøtz did not fully participate. To begin with, he was a late starter, since he did not begin to sing professionally until he was thirty-two—a ripe age at which to take up a vocation whose growing pains are commonly lived through in the twenties. Just when he was beginning to make a reputation for himself in Denmark, the Second World War broke out, and all chance of international engagements stopped. Schiøtz remained at home and began to make the fine recordings that first brought him recognition outside his own country, and it was only when hostilities ceased that he was at last able to sing in other parts of Europe, and particularly in Great Britain.

Just as his career took wings, he developed a brain tumor whose cure left his vocal mechanism impaired. Recently he has turned to the baritone repertory and to teaching, and although his students at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto have no doubt gained immensely from this turn of events, the concertgoing public is much the loser. And were it not for the legacy of sensitive recorded performances that Schiøtz left, a legacy now fortunately available on long-playing records, the cause for mourning would be considerably greater.

Any evaluation of Schiøtz's work as a singer must begin with an assessment of the voice, although it must always be kept in mind that the voice is merely the raw material with which the artist works. To judge from these discs, this was an instrument that has been, to a certain extent, undervalued, largely because it was small and not overly brilliant. It had, nevertheless, great warmth and a lovely quality that, at the risk of a dangerous analogy, had something of the poignancy and melancholy of the oboe. With his voice Schiøtz was able to do a great deal, but he knew, in addition, what he could not do, and it is certainly true that he sang only those works to which he could do justice vocally. He was, too, extraordinarily alert to word colors, and his ability to manipulate those colors, while basically a musical one, depended upon a certain degree of technical accomplishment. Only an occasional faulty breath interfered with his ability to color, and when it did, he produced either a dry sound, or, in the lower voice, one that was slightly unsteady.

It is true, too, that he was not quite up to the extremes of virtuosity demanded by the long cadenza in Mozart's "Il mio tesoro intanto," but it is interesting to hear how the very breath he had to catch served to define the shape of the melodic figurations. Breathing aside, however, it was the high voice that disturbed listeners to some of his later performances. And it must be admitted that even in his earliest records, Schiøtz showed some hesitation in its use. In songs this hesitation showed in a slight tendency to pass quickly over certain phrases. In other repertory, such as Bach's "Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen," famous for its cruel tessitura, the hesitation showed in audibly pinched notes. But Schiøtz is far from being alone in this. Most singers have to give considerable thought to high notes, but the thought begins before the note is sung, and the mental workings show only if they have been inadequate to begin with. And with Schiøtz they showed, although in the sum total of his artistry they were of little importance, save for what may have been their inhibiting effect on the subsequent development of his singing.

His musicality, however, was absolutely secure, and the voice seemed to live more than it might have in the throat of a singer less aware of the possibilities of artistic statements. Schiøtz cut to the core of the music, and in doing so he compelled attention. Works so well known that they had become habit revealed subtle points of meaning that previously had been overlooked. On these records, Handel's paired recitative and aria, "Comfort ye" and "Every valley shall be exalted," are much more than standard showpieces sung before the tenor has had quite enough time to warm up. As Schiøtz sings it, this music *is* that of a voice crying in the wilderness with a passion and intensity that few artists have known how to give it. But he never gains expression at the expense of style, and he understands that the singer cannot play cat-and-mouse with Handel's line without destroying its shape. On the other hand, if he does not permit himself this luxury in Handel, he indulges in it in Haydn, where it is perfectly in place. Here the contours of the melody are articulated so delicately that one can hardly believe that the same artist is at work. Mozart, too, is sung with the greatest elegance and grace, but there is, in these readings, and particularly in the "Il mio tesoro intanto," a lack of dramatic urgency on Schiøtz's part that might easily weaken a stage production, where characters must react to one another without equivocation.

There is no lack of urgency in Schiøtz's lieder singing, however, and it is to this facet of his art that four of

Aksel Schiotz, at home in Denmark, with family (1949).

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these records are devoted. He is heard in Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, and to each of these composers he brings rare gifts of understanding. His "Die schöne Müllerin" in particular (reviewed in *SR*, February 27, 1960) is one of the most convincing readings available, and his "Dichterliebe" does not fall far behind. Part of the credit must, of course, go to Gerald Moore for his playing of both cycles. Here is an accompanist who understands that the piano does not follow the singer but rather walks with him, as it would in any piece of chamber music in which the solo virtuoso is out of place. Schiøtz is more the leader in the Scandinavian songs that follow, and here we explore with him relatively unknown paths. Of course, the Grieg songs, all written, so the composer tells us, for his wife Nina, who was an accomplished singer, have been heard frequently, but it is a pleasure to hear "Jeg elsker dig" ("Ich liebe dich") sung as if it were a song and not a television commercial.

But with Gade, Nielsen, Weyse, and Bellman, Schiøtz performs a repertory not usually heard in the concert hall, largely because most singers do not command the Scandinavian languages. Of the works presented here, those of Nielsen are the most impressive and those of Bellman most exhilarating. Gade, who seems to have borrowed more than he invented, and Weyse, who was a pioneer in the field of Danish opera but a stay-at-home in the song literature, pale slightly in the company of Nielsen, who was not only a symphonist of considerable stature but a fine song-writer as well. His art songs, while they are influenced by the folk idiom, achieve great variety of mood and surprising vigor and intensity. He is represented here with folk song settings, selections from his Opus 4 and Opus 10, and excerpts from the incidental music to plays. Schiøtz's singing of all of this music is, as one might expect, absolutely suited to the idiom of each composer, and the frequent shifts in mood and color that are demanded of him are met with the greatest generosity of spirit and adaptability of voice. There are several wonderful moments, and one in particular, in Nielsen's "Saa bittert var mit Hierte," when Schiøtz, moved by a shift in the song from minor to major and from duple to triple time, floats a high pianissimo that lingers long in the ear.

BUT of all these composers it is Bellman who is the most fun. Called by Hendrik Van Loon "the last of the troubadours," Bellman lived his life in the Stockholm of Gustavus III, that lively patron of the arts whose death, under a pseudonym, Verdi immortalized in his opera "Un ballo in maschera." Bellman was in no sense medieval, but he was poet, *bon vivant,* and improviser extraordinary. His songs survive in two sets—the Epistles, which are Biblical in rhythm, topical in content, and riotously secular in tone, and the Songs, which extol the joys of nature and Bacchus. For his tunes Bellman searched far and wide, and he borrowed copiously from most of the sources of his day, from the French chanson, the popular opera, and the Swedish folk heritage. With his lute he wandered over the city, charming all who heard him, and so infectious was his art that it found its way into Swedish popular culture, where it still holds an honored place. Schiøtz sings these songs with guitar accompaniment, and so unerring is his instinct for style that he restores to the music the improvisatory character it once must have had as Bellman sang it in the parks and palaces of Stockholm.

With the Bellman songs the set of records comes to an end, after a long and stimulating journey into the art of the song. In sound as well as in content this journey is thoroughly enjoyable; except for the slight surface noise and occasional imbalance of voice and piano that one must expect from older records transferred to newer surfaces, all is clarity. But who can listen to anything but the music when Schiøtz sings? He demands exclusive attention, and this attention is repaid by the revelation of what a master artist has to say about his art. —JEAN BOWEN.

Buxtehude: "Aperite mihi portas justitiae"; **Handel:** "Comfort ye, my people" and "Every valley shall be exalted" ("Messiah"); **Bach:** "O Schmerz—Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen" ("St. Matthew Passion"); **Haydn:** "Mit Würd' und Hoheit" ("The Creation"); **Mozart:** "Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön" ("Die Zauberflöte"); "Dalla sua pace" and "Il mio tesoro intanto" ("Don Giovanni"); "Hier soll ich dich denn sehen" and "Im Mohrenland gefangen war" ("Die Entführung aus dem Serail"); "Un' aura amorosa" ("Così fan tutte"). Aksel Schiøtz, tenor, Elsa Sigfuss, contralto, Holger Nørgaard, bass, with instrumental ensemble and orchestra conducted by Mogens Wöldike, and The Royal Orchestra, Copenhagen, conducted by Egisto Tango. Denmark Odéon MOAK 2, $5.95.

Schumann: "Dichterliebe"; **Brahms:** "Die Mainacht," "Sonntag," "Der Mond steht über dem Berge"; **Grieg:** "Jeg elsker dig," "To brune øjne," "Vaer hilset I Damer," "Foraarsregn"; **Gade:** "Knud Lavard," "Hvorfor svulmer Weichselfloden?" "Olufs ballade" ("Elverskud"). Aksel Schiøtz, tenor, with Gerald Moore, Folmer Jensen, Hermann D. Koppel, piano, and orchestra conducted by Mogens Wöldike. Denmark Odéon MOAK 3, $5.95.

Weyse: "Nu vaagne alle Guds Fugle smaa," "Lysets Engel gaar med Glans," "Gud ske Tak og Lov," "I fjerne Kirketaarne hist," "Bliv hos os, naar Dagen haelder," "Der staar et Slot i Vesterled," "Natten er saa stille," "Kommer hid, I Piger smaa," "Duftende Enge," "Skøn Jomfru, luk dit Vindue op"; **Nielsen:** "Jens Vejmand," "Grøn er Vaarens Haek," "Sommersang," "I Aften," "Irmelin Rose," "Den milde Dag," "I Solen gaar jeg bag min Plov," "Min Pige er saa lys som Rav," "Underlige Aftenlufte," "Jeg baerer med Smil min Byrde," "Saa bittert var mit Hjerte." Aksel Schiøtz, tenor, Folmer Jensen, Hermann D. Koppel, C. Christiansen, piano, and the Copenhagen Philharmonic Orchestra and the Royal Orchestra, Copenhagen, conducted by Svend Christian Felumb and J. Hye-Knudsen. Denmark Odéon MOAK 4, $5.95.

Larsen: "Danmark, nu blunder den lyse Nat"; **Ottosen:** Der haver saa nyligen regnet"; **Lorentzen:** "Mor Danmark"; **Larsen:** "Du danske Sommer"; **Drachmann:** "Midsommervise"; **Bjornson:** "Ormen løfter med staerke Slag"; **Winther:** "Hvor tindrer nu min Stjerne?" "Du, som har Sorg i Sinde"; **Blicher:** "Til Glaeden"; **Richardt:** "Laer mig, Nattens Stjerne"; **Bellman:** "Käraste bröder," "Gubben är gammal," "Ulla, min Ulla," "Vila vid denna källa," "Hör klockorna med ängsligt dan," "Sa lunka vi sa smaningom," "Joachim uti Bablylon," "Fjäriln vingad syns pa Haga." Aksel Schiøtz, tenor, Hermann D. Koppel, Folmer Jensen, Grete Kordt, piano, Ulrik Neumann, guitar, and the Royal Orchestra, Copenhagen, conducted by J. Hye-Knudsen. Denmark Odéon MOAK 5, $5.95.

Schubert: "Die schöne Müllerin." Aksel Schiøtz, tenor, with Gerald Moore, piano. Denmark Odéon MOAK 1, $5.95.

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Recordings in Review

Brahms at Walter's Best

BRAHMS: *Concerto in A minor, Opus 102. Zino Francescatti, violin, and Pierre Fournier, cello, with Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony (also: Tragic Overture, Opus 81).* Columbia MS 6158, $5.98.

How it happens that there is only one other stereo version of this indispensable work and Pierre Fournier is also the cellist in that instance (with David Oistrakh, Alceo Galliera conducting on Angel S-35353) is a mystery I couldn't begin to penetrate. The sum of it would seem to be that whatever else Oistrakh and Francescatti may agree or disagree about, they share a high opinion of Fournier for this affiliation.

Nor is it possible to disagree with them. It is the cellist who has the first, crucial opportunity at the outset to set the mood, establish the atmosphere of this undertaking, and Fournier is as resolute, incisive, and energizing in this instance as in the other.

He makes a splendid partner for Francescatti, and the two together for Walter. Not often since 1958 (when, says the annotation without giving the specific date, "this recording was first conceived") has Walter exceeded the breadth and drive of this accomplishment. Almost inevitably (his other qualities of compassion and communication being on a level few of today can match) it takes precedence over all other contemporary versions.

Pierre Fournier — "resolute, incisive, energizing."

Fortunately, too, the same power and concentration are woven into his playing of the overture, for it is not a work that can do with less. Broader, less abrupt than the version of Toscanini, it makes more of the opportunities provided by Brahms than any other performance known to me. Much of the outcome may be attributed to the model attention and response of the excellent West Coast players, and the way in which their superior quality of sound has been conveyed by the Columbia technicians.

A New Kind of Karajan

DVORAK: *"Slavonic Dances" (Opus 46, Nos. 1, 3, 7, Op. 72, Nos. 2, 8);* BRAHMS: *"Hungarian Dances" (Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 17, 18, 19, 20). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic.* Deutsche Grammophon Stereo 138080, $6.98.

In his lengthening career as a conductor for records (now more than a dozen years) Herbert von Karajan has shown himself in many guises from plausible to brilliant, or comprehending to penetrating. But, for me, he has not hitherto achieved what makes this endeavor outstanding, the quality of communication best described as lovable.

The quality seems to me especially evident in the Dvorak dances, which some might call mighty trifles, but which are full of the might of expressivity, whatever the word one elects to follow it with. A musician with Karajan's command of the orchestra could hardly understate them: but it would be no surprise at all if he had overstated them. What he has achieved, praise be, is a delicate balance between muscularity and sentiment, in which all the rhythmic and melodic delight they contain is deftly underlined with Dvorak's own rustic colorations. If this is part of the Nikisch tradition with the Berlin Philharmonic, it is a welcome rediscovery, for the orchestra has rarely sounded better in recent times than in pursuing the many voices, outer and inner, outlined by Karajan (to especial effect in the A major).

Together with the fine performances of the Brahms dances on Side II, Karajan has achieved that relative rarity in contemporary reproductive art—a veritable "record" of something worth preserving. It is, on the whole, a refreshing new kind of Karajan, who more often than not has been so bent on reaching out for the inaccessible (Beethoven's Ninth or "Missa Solemnis," Verdi's "Falstaff," etc.) that he has overlooked what is comfortably within his grasp. Warm, gratifying sound also.

The "Other" Barber

PAISIELLO: *"Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Graziella Sciutti, Nicola Monti, Rolando Panerai, Renato Capecchi, and Mario Petri, with Renato Fasano conducting the Virtuosi di Roma.* Mercury SR 2-9010, $11.96.

To virtually all opera enthusiasts, no matter how well grounded, Giovanni Paisiello's "Barber of Seville" is celebrated as the work that caused Gioacchino Rossini some misgivings when he undertook his own treatment of Beaumarchais's play. Paisiello's work, the story goes, was such a favorite from its first production in 1782 (in St. Petersburg) that Rossini feared the Italian public would resent another's trifling with the subject, even thirty-five years later.

Perhaps Rossini had such misgivings, but it is far more likely that they had more to do with the quality of Paisiello's achievement than was generally known prior to this recording. In this decade of operatic investigation (which has seen the revival of the Donizetti and Bellini repertory and the reappraisal of Rossini's own), Mercury's enterprise is one of the most illuminating, enabling the listener to recapture a period of musical enjoyment which has been all but banished from the contemporary theatre. Whereas the *buffa* works of Cimarosa and Pergolesi call for some indulgence of structural weaknesses, Paisiello's is sure and sound from beginning to end, with an amount of orchestral interplay that would honor the name of Mozart.

Especially in its later phases, when all the strings holding the operatic puppets begin to pull taut, Paisiello's pen begins to spurt blood rather than merely ink. From here on the results clearly suggest that Mozart heard and reacted strongly to Paisiello's "Barber" after it had its Vienna premiere in August, 1783. It is known that he met and cultivated Paisiello in 1784, when the Italian was passing through Vienna en route from Russia to Italy. He also attended the premiere of "Il Re Teo-

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doro," which Paisiello wrote for Vienna later the same year. It would not be too surprising to discover that, together, they pushed him in the direction he later followed in "Nozze di Figaro" (1786), "Don Giovanni" and "Così."

The quintet of Rosina, the Count, Bartolo, Basilio, and Figaro in the "shaving scene" of Act II, is not only a forerunner of the finale of Act II (as we call it) of "Nozze di Figaro," but contains in Paisiello's setting of "Vedo bene che qui a la signora," etc., a germinal kind of patter which reappears in the gardener Antonio's "Dal balcone che guarda in giardino." The "storm" music that connects Parts 3 and 4 of Paisiello's Act II proceeds from suggestions of Vivaldi and Gluck to anticipations of Beethoven and Haydn, all exposed to his "Barbiere" at this time.

For a change, too, there need be no *apologies* for the way an unfamiliar masterpiece has been restored to circulation, beginning with the comprehensive introduction of Harold Lawrence. Miss Sciutti is a delightfully accomplished Rosina (save for a slight tendency to sing between the pitches, rather than sharp or flat), Monti's is a suave voice for Lindoro, Panerai a bouncy Figaro, and Capecchi an entertaining Bartolo. I am not charmed by the wooly sound of Mario Petri as Basilio, but he performs well in the ensembles. These, indeed, are the special pride of this swift and sensible performance under the direction of Fasano, an inspired choice for Paisiello's idiom. Nothing has been left to chance in the recording, which makes of the Teatro Grande in Brescia a new shrine for connoisseurs of the audio art. Here is one "Barber" who certainly need have no fear of competition (cut rate or otherwise) for many years to come.

Sciutti—"a delightfully accomplished Rosina."

The Three Sisters Eileen

PUCCINI: *"O mio babbino caro" ("Gianni Schicchi"), "Musetta's Waltz," "Mi chiamano Mimì" and "Donde lieta uscì" ("La Bohème"), "Canzone di Doretta" ("La Rondine"), "Non la sospiri" and "Vissi d'arte" ("Tosca"), "Spira sul mare" and "Un bel dì" ("Madama Butterfly"), "In quelle trine morbide" ("Manon Lescaut"), "In questa reggia" and "Tu che di gel sei cinta" ("Turandot"). Eileen Farrell, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Max Rudolf.* Columbia MS 6150, $5.98.

POULENC: *"Hôtel," "Voyage à Paris," "C," "Reines des mouettes," and "Fleurs";* DEBUSSY: *"Beau Soir," "C'est l'extase," "Fleur des blés," "Noël des enfants," and "L'ombre des arbres";* SCHUBERT: *"An die Leier," "Fischerweise," "An die Laute," "Du liebst mich nicht," and "Dem Unendlichen";* SCHUMANN: *"Volksliedchen," "An den Mond," "Mein schöner Stern," and "Die Soldatenbraut." Eileen Farrell, soprano, with George Trovillo, piano.* Columbia MS 6151, $5.98.

ARLEN: *"Blues in the Night," "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues";* RODGERS: *"Ten Cents a Dance," "He Was Too Good to Me," "Glad to Be Unhappy";* KERN: *"I'm Old Fashioned";* BERLIN: *"Supper Time";* GERSHWIN: *"Looking for a Boy";* WEILL: *"September Song";* MCHUGH: *"On the Sunny Side of the Street";* LANE: *"Old Devil Moon"; and* BLANE: *"Ev'rytime." Eileen Farrell, soprano, with Luther Henderson conducting.* Columbia CS 8256, $4.98.

One of the hidden community assets of New York City for nearly twenty years has been the voice of Eileen Farrell. But, as with some other valued properties, like Ellis Island, nobody knew quite what to do with it. That included Miss Farrell herself, who recorded Bach with the Bach Aria Group, Wagner with Stokowski, Munch, and Leinsdorf, Beethoven with Toscanini, Berg with Mitropoulos, and practically anything that could be sung by a wide-ranging soprano on the sound track of the Marjorie Lawrence film "Interrupted Melody."

Of late Miss Farrell has begun to have ideas of an operatic career, with a debut at the Metropolitan pending this season after appearances in San Francisco and Chicago. Still, to judge from these three records, Miss Farrell doesn't know just what to do with her voice. Or perhaps it would be better said that she has decided to recognize her status now as a successful corporation and split her assets, three for one, into several sisterly affiliates, each called Eileen Farrell. The purpose, as in most such maneuvers, seems to be financial: to be sure, Miss Farrell has enough voice to go around, but one doubts that there is sufficient temperament, sense of style, and sheer expressiveness to accommodate the Puccini-singing Farrell, the one who goes in for art songs, not to mention pop singer Farrell (in addition to the "Alceste"—Gluck Farrell).

Every one of these discs, for all their diversity, has samples of superb vocal discipline, complete mastery of the vocal faculties, her ability to expand, contract, shade, or color sound at will. It is even conceivable that out of the six sides, she might have gotten two demonstrating arresting versatility and musical adaptability. But in each category, her abilities have only limited validity, meaning that half the Puccini, all the German singing, and most of the pop performances could have been dispensed with to her benefit.

As the voice for Mimì, Musetta, Butterfly, Tosca, Turandot, et al., Miss Farrell is, as one celebrated singer of the past said about a prominent one of today: "Sempre Eileen." She sings louder or softer, heavier or lighter, according to the physical size of the person involved (Lauretta, little and withdrawn from the mike; Turandot, all out), but with very little differentiation of their characters. Almost everything, thanks to the accommodating Mr. Rudolf, is half again as slow as it is customarily sung: her forte, after all, is not *allegro*. And if this is supposed to be an overwhelming demonstration of vocal capacity, why is the top note of Butterfly's entrance ducked? She does brilliantly with the music of Turandot, for her big powerful thrust of sound is what Puccini had in mind for the Riddle Queen, but not for Musetta, Lauretta, or Doretta's *canzone* in "Rondine."

As a singer of art songs, Miss Farrell has already demonstrated high qualities in the collection titled "Songs and Bal-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartφk: Concerto for Orchestra. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 5471, $4.98.	Bernstein takes literally (rather too literally for my taste) the description of this work, deriving from it the view that the composer meant it to be treated as a showpiece. This is a fundamental, but by no means the only, part of its conception, balanced by other, more poetic values for which the present interpreter has either insufficient perception or not enough patience. Some loose ends are brought together in the finale, but this is too late to offset what has not been done previously. Straightforward orchestral performance, with a sound too hard and unvibrant for the total effect. (Stereo: MS 6140, $5.98.)
Bennett: "Armed Forces" suite. Robert Russell Bennett conducting. RCA Victor LSC 2445, $5.98.	Basically this is a sequence of folk, patriotic, and popular songs identified with aspects of American history from Bunker Hill to Iwo Jima, but Bennett's well-known skill and imagination transform the whole into something more than its parts. In addition to all the expectable tunes, the listener will come upon "The Gimcrack," "Buena Vista," "The Bonny Blue Flag," and "The Filipino Hombre" (not to mention "K-K-K-Katy" and "Hinky Dinky Parly-voo" in counterpoint). The sparkling performance and resourceful reproduction are equally admirable. (Monaural: LM 2445, $4.98.)
Berlioz: "Marche Hongroise," "Danse des Sylphes," and "Menuet des Follets" ("Damnation de Faust"), "Marche Troyenne" and "Carnaval Romain"; Chabrier: "España" Rhapsody and "Fête Polonaise." Charles Mackerras conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35750, $5.98.	The conductor's choice of repertory and his lively performance of it testify to the progress Mackerras has made in his chosen field since he was noted as arranger (and conductor) for the Sadler's Wells Theatre production of "Pineapple Poll." However, Mackerras has something more than the values of Arthur Sullivan to deal with here, and he is not quite sure how. Energy is in abundant supply, subtlety less so, and finesse scarcely at all. The orchestra follows him implicitly, but that leaves him well short of the Beecham-Ansermet-Munch standard. Outstanding recording, including the percussion, which stand out too prominently. (Monaural: 35750, $4.98.)
Chopin: Concerto in F minor (No. 2). Ann Schein, piano, with orchestra directed by Sir Eugene Goossens. Kapp LP 6001, $4.98.	Not all of Miss Schein's qualities have yet come into a balanced relationship, but there is no doubt that these qualities, especially those which can't be taught or imitated, are unusual. Thus, if she sometimes wanders from a strong projection of Chopin's mood, it is only because her attention lapses or she settles for the immediate advantages of an accelerated tempo rather than the more measured alternative. Goossens does his work well. (Stereo: 6001-S, $5.98.)
Dvorak: Symphonies in C minor, Op. 3, and B flat, Op. 4. Prague Symphony Orchestra directed by Vaclav Neumann. Artia ALP 140, 141, $4.98 ea.	Had Dvorak not written five symphonies of real mastery, these early ones (which he set aside during his lifetime) might have a degree of curiosity interest. In the circumstance, what they have to offer relates to good ideas insufficiently worked out, with more interest in the B flat than in the C minor, whose program (it is called the "Bells of Zlonice") is ambitious beyond the twenty-four-year-old composer's resources. The performance is serviceable rather than noteworthy, the recording barely acceptable.
Mozart: Concerto in A (K.622). Gervaise de Peyer, clarinet, with the London Symphony conducted by Peter Maag. Concertos in D (K.412) and E flat (K.447). Barry Tuckwell, French horn. London CS 6178, $5.98.	Tuckwell is an expert horn player who satisfies the demands of Mozart with skill and imagination, but de Peyer's steady excellence, his superior sense of phrase and design make the more regrettable his confinement to one side of this disc. Together with uncommon breath control, which enables him to link phrases not commonly heard as a sequence, de Peyer shows himself the equal of any clarinetist anywhere with his soft, vibrant sound and outstanding virtuosity. Maag's direction makes a happy blend of both instrumentalists with the orchestral background. (Monaural: CM 9247, $4.98.)
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 6 (K.43), 7 (K.45), 8 (K.48), and 9 (K.73). Erich Leinsdorf conducting. Westminster XWN 18862, $4.98.	All of these works antedate Mozart's fifteenth birthday; indeed, three were completed when he was thirteen. This suggests examples of youthful precocity, and no more, but they are all touched at times by the divinity that presided at his birth, plus a sharp appreciation of the influences to which he was exposed. The selective response amounted, eventually, to the elements designated "Mozartian." Leinsdorf makes much of the little niceties that differentiate one from the other, and responds to the outstanding movements (at least one per symphony) with warmth and finesse. It helps, too, that the orchestra is composed largely of Royal Philharmonic personnel. The recording is suitably sonorous.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 4. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6154, $5.98.	Despite the revisions which Prokofiev undertook late in life (attested by the double opus numbers 47/112), this work, based on materials also utilized in the ballet "The Prodigal Son," hardly belongs in the sequence of his representative symphonies. It has neither the charm and freshness of the famous No. 1 ("Classical") nor the breadth and purpose of Nos. 5, 6, and 7. For annotator David Johnson to affiliate it with the early works of Schubert, Dvorak, and Tchaikovsky—with the implication that it has been unfairly overlooked—is to confuse scholarship with salesmanship. The performance is excellent, the recording first class. (Monaural: ML 5488, $4.98.)
Sibelius: Concerto in D minor. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with the Chicago Symphony conducted by Walter Hendl. RCA Victor LSC 2435, $5.98. David Oistrakh, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia MS 6157, $5.98.	Proficiency is in such strong supply with these two performers that a preference for one or the other must relate more to the listener's predilections than to hypothetical virtues on one side or the other. I would put my favor on the side of the Oistrakh version, for two reasons not related to Heifetz: the better balance of instrumental-orchestral values in the collaboration of Oistrakh and Ormandy, and the addition to its second side of "The Swan of Tuonela" (with the English horn solo beautifully played by Louis Rosenblatt). The RCA disc offers nothing but the concerto, a rather lavish use of record grooves for a work barely half an hour in length. (Monaural: LM 2435, $4.98, ML 5492, $4.98.)
Tchaikovsky: "Nutcracker" excerpts. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2328, $5.98.	Reiner's choice of excerpts blends what Tchaikovsky called a "suite" with what he did not call Suite No. 2, in a sequence of his own. Included are all the familiar items, plus a few not so familiar. The performances are unfailingly expert, highly creditable to the individual instrumentalists and to the skill of the recordists. Lacking, however, are lightness, humor, and the kind of fantasy which have made the "Nutcracker" music a universal favorite—or, lacking these, the dash and brilliance which Toscanini provided for it. (Monaural: LM 2328, $4.98.)
Tchaikovsky: "Allegro Brillante"; Glazounov: Pas de Dix ("Raymonda"); Glinka: Pas de Trois ("Russlan and Ludmilla"). Robert Irving conducting the New York City Ballet. Kapp LP 9046, $3.98.	The interest here derives largely from the balletic uses of the music, even though the "Allegro Brillante" is actually the third piano concerto with Simon Sadoff as the efficient soloist. Irving is a more interesting conductor when the ear is aided by the eye, for the treatment throughout is lacking the freedom and impulse of really creative interpretation. (Stereo: 9046-S, $4.98.) —Irving Kolodin.

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Bluesville, USA

FOUND LOVE: *Jimmy Reed—"Baby, What You Want Me to Do," "Found Love," "Meet Me," "I Was So Wrong," "Going by the River (Parts 1 and 2), "Big Boss Man," "Hush-Hush," "Where Can You Be?" "I'm Nervous," "I Ain't Got You," "Come Love."* Vee Jay LP 1022, $3.98.

Mississippi-born Jimmy Reed is a thirty-two-year-old blues singer who has worked for the past decade in the clubs and joints of Chicago's South and West Sides, the city's sprawling, overpopulated Negro district which offers steady employment to some of the country's finest blues artists. Despite two previous LP collections on the Vee Jay label, Reed is surprisingly little known. Possessed of a wispy, high-pitched, almost toneless voice, he is nonetheless capable of communicating great conviction, intensity, and raw emotional power.

DOWN HOME BLUES: *Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry—"Let Me Be Your Big Dog," "Pawn Shop," "You Don't Know," "Betty and Dupree's Blues," "Back To New Orleans," "Stranger Here," "Fox Hunt," "I'm Prison Bound," "Louise, Louise," "Baby, How Long," "Freight Train."* Prestige "Bluesville" 1002, $4.98.

BLUES IS A STORY: *Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee—"Keys To the Highway," "Lose Your Money," "Louise," "Sportin' Life," "New Harmonica Breakdown," "Prison Bound," "Livin' With the Blues," "Blowin' the Blues," "Baby, Please Don't Go," "Twelve Gates to the City," "Pawnshop Blues," "Brownie's Guitar Blues."* World Pacific WP-1294. $4.98.

JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE: *Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee—"Just a Closer Walk With Thee," "Children, Go Where I Send Thee," "What a Beautiful City," "Glory, Glory," "If I Could Hear My Mother Pray," "I'm Going to Shout," "I Shall Not Be Moved," "Packing Up," "Get Right, Church," "Some of These Days," "If You See My Saviour," "You Can't Hide."* Fantasy 3296, $4.98.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee have, it seems, set themselves up as the heads of a veritable blues cartel, for scarcely a month goes by without the release of a new album or two by the pair on one label or another. On these three recent offerings Sonny and Brownie rework, pleasantly though uneventfully, ground they've worked often before. They rarely record the same tune twice (though there is some duplication in the first two albums here)—or perhaps I should say the same *title* twice, for despite the fact that the lyrics differ somewhat from song to song, one gets the feeling that he's heard it all before. Even so, their work is rarely disappointing; the listener can always rely on a certain level of artistry (and a consistently high one it is, too). There exists a splendid rapport between the blind harmonica player and the "country" guitarist; they complement each other beautifully. The Prestige and World Pacific discs offer straightforward programs of the blues tunes with which the pair has become identified, while the Fantasy album is their first extended collection of religious songs.

MEMPHIS SLIM AT THE GATE OF HORN: *"The Come Back," "Steppin' Out," "Blue and Lonesome," "Beer Drinkin' Woman," "Slim's Blues," "Gotta Find My Baby," "Messin' Around," "Wish Me Well," "My Gal Keeps Me Crying," "Lend Me Your Love," "Sassy Mae," "Mother Earth."* Vee Jay LP 1012, $3.98.

Contrary to what its title might imply, this album is not a location recording. It bears all the earmarks of a rushed and poorly planned studio session and it does an injustice to Slim's not inconsiderable talents. His boogie woogie piano—which, if not greatly original, is at least enjoyable—is swallowed up by the strident sounds of the unidentified rhythm and blues group which accompanies him.

FURRY LEWIS: *"Longing Blues," "John Henry," "I Will Turn Your Money Green," Discussion of Early Recording Career and Old-Time Medicine Shows, "Pearlee Blues," "Judge Boushay Blues," "I'm Going to Brownsville," "Casey Jones," "East St. Louis Blues."* Folkways FA 3823, $5.95.

Furry Lewis, of Memphis, Tennessee, is one of the old and neglected blues artists Sam Charters tracked down, interviewed, and recorded while conducting research for his book "The Country Blues." When Charters caught up with Lewis in 1959 he had not recorded in three decades, had rarely had a guitar in his hands in twenty years, and was working as a laborer in his own town, yet as a blues singer he was, by his own admission, "better now than I ever was." Charters's recording verifies this: The eight vocal tracks in this collection are the powerful and mature statements of a major blues artist.

WILLIE'S BLUES: *Willie Dixon with Memphis Slim—"Nervous," "Good Understanding," "That's My Baby," "Slim's Thing," "That's All I Want," "Don't You Tell Nobody," "Youth to You," "Sittin' and Cryin' the Blues," "Built For Comfort," "I Got A Razor," "Go Easy," "Move Me."* Prestige "Bluesville" 1003, $4.98.

THE RETURN OF ROOSEVELT SYKES: *"Drivin' Wheel," "Long, Lonesome Night," "Set the Meat Outdoors," "Coming Home," "Stompin' the Boogie," "Number Nine," "Calcutta," "Selfish Woman," "Hangover," "Night Time Is the Right Time," "Runnin' the Boogie," "Hey, Big Mama."* Prestige "Bluesville" 1006, $4.98.

BLUES BY LONNIE JOHNSON: *"Don't Ever Love," "No Love for Sale," "There's No Love," "I Don't Hurt Anymore," "She Devil," "One Sided Love Affair," "Big Leg Woman," "There Must Be a Way," "She's Drunk Again," "Blues Round My Door," "You Don't Move Me," "You Will Need Me."* Prestige "Bluesville" 1007, $4.98.

Prestige Records, one of the more successful of the independent record firms, has built a reputation with its emphasis on modern jazz. Recently it expanded its operations with the addition of five subsidiary labels, one of which is its "Bluesville" series. This series, on the basis of its first six releases, is apparently attempting to strike a balance between authenticity and commercialism. The authenticity is provided by the performers, who for the most part are legitimate blues artists, and the commercial appeal is grafted on by Prestige, which surrounds the performers with small groups playing a no-man's-land sort of music somewhere between swing and rhythm and blues. Three of the initial releases, in addition to the Terry-McGhee disc reviewed above, are worthy of more than passing interest.

—PETER WELDING.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Cantata No. 56 ("Ich will den Kreuzstab gerne tragen") and No. 82 ("Ich habe genug"). Mack Harrell, baritone, with Robert Shaw conducting. RCA Victor LSC 2312, $5.98.	Nobody could compose a better eulogy to the career of the late Mack Harrell than this self-created one. Recorded nearly twenty years after he made his debut at the Metropolitan in 1939 (the present coupling brings together two items previously offered separately), it finds the voice as pliable as ever, the skill with which it is shaped to Bach's needs even more subtle and refined. For my taste, it is more mature (and profound) performance than Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau offers in the same works on Decca ARC 3058, a result to which Shaw makes a marked contribution. (Monaural: LM 2312, $4.98.)
Bach: Concerto in the Italian Style, Partitas Nos. 1 and 2. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia MS 6141, $5.98.	These are perhaps the cleverest performances of Bach-playing that Glenn Gould has yet recorded; whether they are the best is much more arguable. Gould is always ready and adroit, dexterous, capable, quick-witted (all words which are offered by Funk and Wagnall as components of clever) in converting Bach's writing into instrumental or vocal duets, or pecking away at the finale of the B flat partita in simulation of a harpsichord, or dropping air spaces between the throbbing notes of the slow movement like unheard ticks of a metronome, otherwise "doing something" to the music. Where there is so much concern with manner, it is almost a certainty that matter will suffer. Gould does so well what he wants to do that it is only in the aftermath of listening that one realizes it is all much more about Gould than about Bach. (Monaural: ML 5472, $4.98.)
Balakirev: Sonata (1905), "Berceuse," Nocturne No. 2, "Valse di Bravura." Natalie Ryshna, piano. SFM 1007, $4.98.	Here, emphatically, is a disc that bears out the promise of the sponsoring agency (Society for Forgotten Music), indeed surpassing it in presenting music that is "too good to be forgotten." Whatever the appeal of Balakirev's better-known "Thamar," "Islamey," or First Symphony, the qualities that make them appealing are under much more control in these works. Melody is a constant factor throughout, ranged against a shifting harmonic background and much rhythmic ingenuity. Miss Ryshna is obviously in love with Balakirev, and the romance, fortunately, is not one-sided—the music gives back a handsome dividend of interest for the energy expended. Her good piano sound is well reproduced. (Stereo: 2007, $5.95.)
Dallapiccola: "Cinque Frammenti di Saffo," Goethe Lieder, "Concerto per la notte di natale dell' anno 1956," "Due Liriche di Anacreonte." Elisabeth Soederstroem, soprano. "Cinque Canti," Frederick Fuller, baritone. Instrumental ensembles conducted by the composer and Frederick Prausnitz. Epic BC 1088, $5.98.	Those who are acquainted with the reputation of the Metropolitan's new Swedish soprano in Mozart and Strauss may be surprised to make her acquaintance in Dallapiccola's angular inventions. However, Miss Soederstroem's musicality and artistic intelligence are as conspicuous here as in her Susanna or Sophie, her sure vocal command and evenness of sound rarely encountered in singers of twelve-tone music. The excellent instrumentalists are no less favorable to Dallapiccola's purpose: that the sounds come to my ear as labored, over-involved and lacking in spontaneity is a result of his procedures which ape Schoenberg's too much for an individual outcome. Fuller performs the "Five Fragments" in a light, somewhat spare voice. The Fromm Foundation is co-sponsor of the disc with Epic, which has done the technical work proficiently. (Monaural: LC 3706, $4.98.)
Garcia, V.: "Variations"; Lo Presti: "Suite"; Raksin: "Morning Revisited," etc. Horn Club of Los Angeles. Capitol SP 8525, $5.98.	In quality of performance, this disc not only equals but exceeds the display of saxophone virtuosity on a previous Capitol issue. However, what we have is more horn music than music for horn. Aside from arrangements of a Mendelssohn "Tarantelle" and bits of Palestrina and Lassus, the disc is devoted to contemporary works (Hyde's "Color Contrasts" in addition to those enumerated above). They are all well devised to demonstrate how difficulties can be overcome by expert performers, but the listening interest otherwise is limited. Garcia's "Variations" has the best blend of values, but it, too, is more concerned with diverting the two ensembles of five horns than it is with conveying a meaning to the listener. Excellent reproduction. (Monaural: P 8525, $4.98.)
Haydn: Quartet in D (Op. 64, No. 5); Schubert: Quartet in D minor; Tchaikovsky: Quartet in D (Op. 11); Prokofiev: Quartet No. 1, Op. 50. Kroll Quartet. Epic BSC 108, $11.96.	It is not only the four quartets which are boxed in this collection, but the four players themselves—by the implication that these are the best available performances of the widely differing works (why else offer them in a package?). The Kroll-led ensemble is at its best in Prokofiev, perhaps because a rather prevalent thinness of sound and sharpness of pitch are less audible than in Haydn or Schubert. Tchaikovsky's "Andante Cantabile" is played with taste and judgment, but its faster movements are disturbingly erratic, with the same uncertainties of ensemble which leave Kroll and his associates short of the best standards in other recordings of these works. Good reproduction save where the miking accentuates the leader's wiry sound. (Monaural: SC 6037, $9.98.)
Ravel: Quartet; Prokofiev: Quartet No. 2 (Op. 92). Carmirelli Quartet. London CS 6174, $5.98.	The Carmirellis of Italy fulfill the requirements of these works with high musicianship and a real sense of style. The Ravel, for example, is played as though it were a new and stimulating experience, though a performance of this quality could be the product only of long hours of grinding work. The Prokofiev dates from the early war years spent by the composer in the Caucasus, and is full of local influences. Though the liner tells us nothing about the unfamiliar performers, the cellist is Arturo Bonucci, once associated in a trio with Alfredo Casella. His continuing high standards are well matched by the other players. (Monaural: CM 9251, $4.98.)
Schumann: "Papillons," "Kinderscenen"; Schubert: Sonata in A (Op. 120), German Dances (Op. 33). Ingrid Haebler, piano. Epic BC 1087, $5.98.	Half a dozen years' exposure to recordings by Miss Haebler (more Mozart than anything else) has fostered a good opinion of her, which is furthered by much of her playing here. She knows what music is good for her and what music she is good for, something some performers do not learn in twice her thirty years. Repeatedly in certain of "Papillons," and in some of the waltzes, she makes a charming effect with clinging, sympathetic sound and well-formed phrases. Even so, she is too often inconsistent with her own best standards for a completely satisfying result. Passages of sentiment tempt her to dawdle, and she is inclined to surrender herself to the spell of the music rather than to guide its effect. (Monaural: LC 3705, $4.98.)
Verdi: "Di Provenza" ("Traviata"), "Pari siamo" ("Rigoletto"), "Eri tu" ("Un Ballo"), "Credo" ("Otello"); Leoncavallo: "Prologo" ("Pagliacci"); Bizet: "L'Orage s'est calmé," ("Pêcheurs de Perles"); Rossini: "Largo al factotum" ("Barbiere"); Gounod: "Dio possente" ("Faust"); Thomas: Brindisi ("Hamlet"); Giordano: "Nemico della patria" ("Andrea Chenier"). Manuel Ausensi, baritone, with orchestra conducted by R. Lamote de Grignon. London OS 25117, $5.98.	Assuming that Ausensi is a singer of parts (as well as of parts of parts) this disc—in combination with his previous one of Mozart reviewed in *SR*—contends that he is the kind of man any ranking opera house would like to have at its disposal. There is more know-how than what-with in this assortment of showy favorites, which means that Ausensi's singing is more impressive for what he does than what he has to do it with. Some effort is made to overcome a little lack of resonance by close-up registration, but his constant use of full voice suggests that power is somewhat lacking. He also has an inclination to "dramatize" (in the crude sense) everything he performs, evidence of an unflagging if somewhat exaggerated theatrical sense. The orchestra is sizable, well conducted, and, as in the case of the voice, well reproduced. (Monaural: 5565, $4.98.) —I.K.

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Moravians in America

WITH a record called "Arias, Anthems, and Chorales of the American Moravians" (MS-6102, $5.98), Columbia materially increases the possibility of becoming acquainted with some of America's older music. The Bohemian and Moravian settlers, who began to cross the ocean during the 1730s to find religious freedom and who established themselves in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Salem (now Winston-Salem), North Carolina, brought with them their love and respect for good reading, good art, good food, and—not least—for good music. They kept up with the best of European music, and their libraries were anxious and proud to acquire the latest works of Haydn or C.P.E. Bach as soon as they became available. So efficient were they as collectors that an American Moravian collection provides an earlier and thus more valuable source for at least one Haydn symphony than any available in Europe.

But the Moravians were not only collectors. They were also active creators, and to a degree, in both quantity and quality, unknown to any but specialists today. The Moravian Foundation has been getting some of the music into print and there have been a few records, but Columbia's is the first entry into the field by a major company. The composers represented are John Frederick Peter, Johannes Herbst, and John Antes (all of whom flourished in the last quarter of the eighteenth century), the somewhat younger David Moritz Michael, and the late nineteenth-century composer Edward Leinbach. These composers are apt to speak a language somewhat older than their dates might suggest: the classicism in their dialect is often of a rather rudimentary nature, and many of the stylistic features of the late Baroque are well remembered (albeit in slightly corrupt form) until almost to the end of the eighteenth century.

In this collection, I was most impressed with the work of John Antes, in whom the voice of Handel is heard more strongly than that of his own contemporary, Haydn. Antes was a watchmaker, inventor, and theoretician, as well as a composer. He was the first to build a violin on this continent, was probably the first native American to compose chamber music, and his career as a missionary took him as far afield as Egypt. He is here represented eloquently by an aria, "Loveliest Emmanuel," a double aria, "Go, congregation, Go" and "Surely He Has Borne Our Griefs," and by a pair of chorales, "What Splendid Rays of Truth and Grace" and "O Deepest Grief."

Another work of particular interest is a transcription for chorus and orchestra by Johannes Herbst of a chorale-prelude on "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded" by a German composer, Johann Peter Kellner, an admirer and student of the work of J. S. Bach, if not actually a direct pupil as the notes claim. The piece is a bit directionless harmonically. By rights it ought not to work, and no composition teacher would care to use it as a model, but for all that it does come off, thanks to the many expressive harmonic details and to the flow of its softly Italianate melodics.

ALL this music is attractively performed by Ilona Kombrink, a soprano whose purity of voice and simplicity of style especially suit her to this task, by the baritone Aurelio Estanislao, and by the Moravian Festival Chorus and Orchestra under Thor Johnson. My only reservation is that my taste does not coincide with that of the person who decided that one of the Antes chorales would be better off for being hummed. One of the most attractive features of the record is that it is labeled "Volume One," implying a promise of more to come.

Moving to familiar choral repertory of the same period, Vox offers a new album of Haydn's "Creation" (PL 11452, $9.98), with Jascha Horenstein conducting the Vienna Volksoper Orchestra and Musikfreunde Chorus, and with Mimi Coertse, Julius Patzak, and Dezsö Ernster as soloists. Horenstein most commendably tries to plan his performance in large sections, with the result that, for example, "Die Himmel erzählen," the great chorus that concludes Part I (and the world's first Wednesday), carries unusual impact.

I am always glad to encounter a conductor who views a large work as something other than a series of effective details (and the opportunity arises but infrequently), but my joy here evaporates rapidly in the face of evidence that Horenstein was not able to convey his understanding of Haydn's magnificent architecture to his singers and players. At any rate, everything that leads up to "Die Himmel erzählen" sounds not like a grand anacrusis to a glorious destination, as it should, but plain dull. For the rest, the choral singing is good, and Mimi Coertse is much the best of the sopranos to have recorded this music; on the other hand, I am impressed most unfavorably by Patzak's worn voice, by the coarse orchestral playing, by everything about Ernster, and by the constricted and edgy recorded sound.

Felix Prohaska has re-recorded his interpretations of two Bach Cantatas (Bach Guild, BGS 5026, $5.95) with the Vienna Chamber Choir and State Opera Orchestra, and with Laurence Dutoit, Kurt Equiluz, and Hans Braun as soloists. No. 140, "Wachet auf," comes off well, though I do not care much for the dryness of Braun's baritone nor for Walter Hintermeyer's rather too concertmasterly playing of his obbligato. No. 4, "Christ lag in Todesbanden," is not done as well. It all seems fast, superficial, unexpressive; in addition, poor Braun is made to struggle with a part that contains rather too many notes not really in his range.

Finally, there are two new choral records in the Archive series. One is devoted to Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672), and contains fourteen motets from his "Geistliche Chormusik" of 1648 (ARC 73122, $6.98). Gottfried Wolters conducts the Norddeutscher Singkreis in readings that seem the last word in delicacy and sensitiveness. The effect is wonderful, especially in quiet pieces like "Selig sind die Toten," though for some of the "bigger" numbers a more rhetorical approach would not have hurt. Very highly recommended. The other record (ARC 73133, $6.98) is devoted mainly to Handel's "Utrecht Te Deum," which I found rather dull in Wöldike's recording years ago, and which I find just as tedious in this new performance conducted by Geraint Jones. The record, however, also contains the Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," a six-minute twenty-seven-second blaze of D major glory, and it is altogether marvelous. Really stereogenic too, as some of my more self-consciously two-eared colleagues have taken to saying.

—MICHAEL STEINBERG.

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Voice and "Voix" at Edinburgh

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

THE HUMAN voice captured the majority of audience interest at the festival here this year. But, although the festival appropriately included the British premiere of "La Voix Humaine," the individual voices of Joan Sutherland, Geraint Evans, Victoria de los Angeles, Oralia Dominguez, David Ward, and Hermann Prey left far deeper impressions than the "Voix" of Poulenc.

Even in the Poulenc one-acter itself, the protagonist seemed stronger than the vehicle. Denise Duval continues to make a tour de force of the woman who spends forty minutes on the telephone trying to avoid saying goodbye to the lover who has discarded her. The score neatly reflects the nuances of the Cocteau text; but despite the efforts of the remarkable singing actress and despite the subtle orchestration, the lack of real musical or dramatic substance makes the theatrical conceit wear thin rapidly.

In general, "La Voix Humaine," as sandwiched between Wolf-Ferrari's "Il Segreto di Susanna" and Busoni's "Arlecchino," turned out to be the weakest of the Glyndebourne Opera's productions in Edinburgh. The three works have in common only brevity, and lack of profundity. Each might be engrossing as a curtain-raiser; taken together, the whole seems flimsier than the parts.

There is a good deal of pleasant lyricism in "Il Segreto di Susanna," the early twentieth-century *opera buffa* about the husband who believes his wife has a lover because he smells tobacco in the living room. Susanna's secret turns out to be that she has assumed the wicked habit of smoking. Producer Peter Ebert, designer Carl Toms, and baritone Sesto Bruscantini as the husband made the most of the little joke. Soprano Mariella Adani's smoking had considerably more grace and charm than her singing.

The most stylish contribution to "Il Segreto" came from the American baritone Heinz Blankenburg, who mimed the comic servant. In exceptionally paradoxical casting, the festival authorities made only slightly greater use of the Blankenburg voice in the title role of the Busoni opera, for Arlecchino is a spoken part. Blankenburg carried off both assignments with elegance. The only other element of elegance in "Arlecchino" came from Helga Pilarczyk's Colombina; the rest of the cast carried on with a sort of spirited clumsiness that weighed down the potentially disarming Commedia dell'Arte satire. John Pritchard conducted all three works with comparative indifference.

No such discrepancies of style marred the "Falstaff," thanks to spirited yet taut leadership from Vittorio Gui, mostly stylish stage direction from Carl Ebert, and a cast that really seemed to appreciate the value of ensemble art. Geraint Evans has a rare grasp of the balance between Falstaff's vulgarity and his nobility; he acts the part with Shakespearean gusto, and sings it with finesse. This remarkable performer had only one peer on the stage—Oralia Dominguez, whose chesty "Reverenzas" as Dame Quickly had superb mock servility.

JOAN SUTHERLAND's much-publicized Elvira in "I Puritani" comes very close to expectations. If one looks for flaws, one might note a few sharp top tones, exaggerated portamenti in some climaxes, and an occasional loss of focus in the upper register. But minor reservations aside, Sutherland's Elvira is

Sutherland as Elvira; at right Monica Sinclair.

unique. The voice has spinto richness plus coloratura agility; it does not thin out at the top; her trill has rare evenness, and—best of all—she is sensitive to what she is singing and colors her voice appropriately.

As far as one can judge from the ridiculous "Puritani" libretto, Sutherland seems to be a gifted if not extraordinary actress (the clichés of Gianfranco Enriquez's staging did not help her). She manages to overcome effectively the combination of tallness and fragility.

Perhaps if the soprano were partnered by a first-rate conductor and tenor, "Puritani" would be a more valid musico-dramatic experience and less a museum piece. Gui's "Puritani" probably had more sweep and cohesion than that of Bryan Balkwill, who succeeded him at the performance I attended. No tenor today seems to possess the inexhaustible supply of high Cs, Ds, and Fs prescribed by Bellini for Rubini, his original Arturo. Nicola Filacuridi managed the fioritura with remarkable ease, and performed with enough style to make one temporarily overlook a voice that is not particularly beautiful, with high-note problems solved in terms of omission, rather than emission.

Ernest Blanc, apart from some huskiness in the middle register, displayed a far better grasp of bel canto than his French origin would have suggested. Conversely, Italian basso Giuseppe Modesti sang a ponderous Giorgio. He was far outshone by his British colleague David Ward in the lesser part of Lord Walton. An uninspired Glyndebourne chorus accentuated the ordinary qualities of the Bellini ensembles.

Victoria de los Angeles gave a concert bringing together Carissimi's "Jephte" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater". Gigantic forces and a romanticized approach were anachronisms deadly to the former; an amateurish chorus (Edinburgh's Royal Choral Union) a tenor without a top (Richard Lewis), and a bass only slightly stronger on the bottom (Modesti) marred the latter. The Scottish National Orchestra never rose above competence, and Gui, like his mezzo (Dominguez), seemed more comfortable in the pit of the King's Theatre than on the stage of Usher Hall. This was unfortunate, for Usher Hall is the only auditorium in Edinburgh that has a festive appearance, appropriate size, and good acoustics.

LEAST adequate in these respects is the meeting room of Freemason's Hall, which served as the locale for a lieder recital by the Metropolitan's forthcoming Wolfram, Hermann Prey. It is to Prey's credit that his all-Schubert program showed him to advantage despite the surroundings. Prey occasionally gives the impression of more concern for the sound of his voice than for meaning. But this sound is so beautiful that it hardly seems to matter, and he has superb control of both range extremes and dynamics. A little more restraint should put the thirty-one-year-old Prey in the Dieskau-Souzay class without dispute. The richness and evenness of his baritone already place him a notch above his colleagues in purely vocal matters.

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Busoni by Steuermann

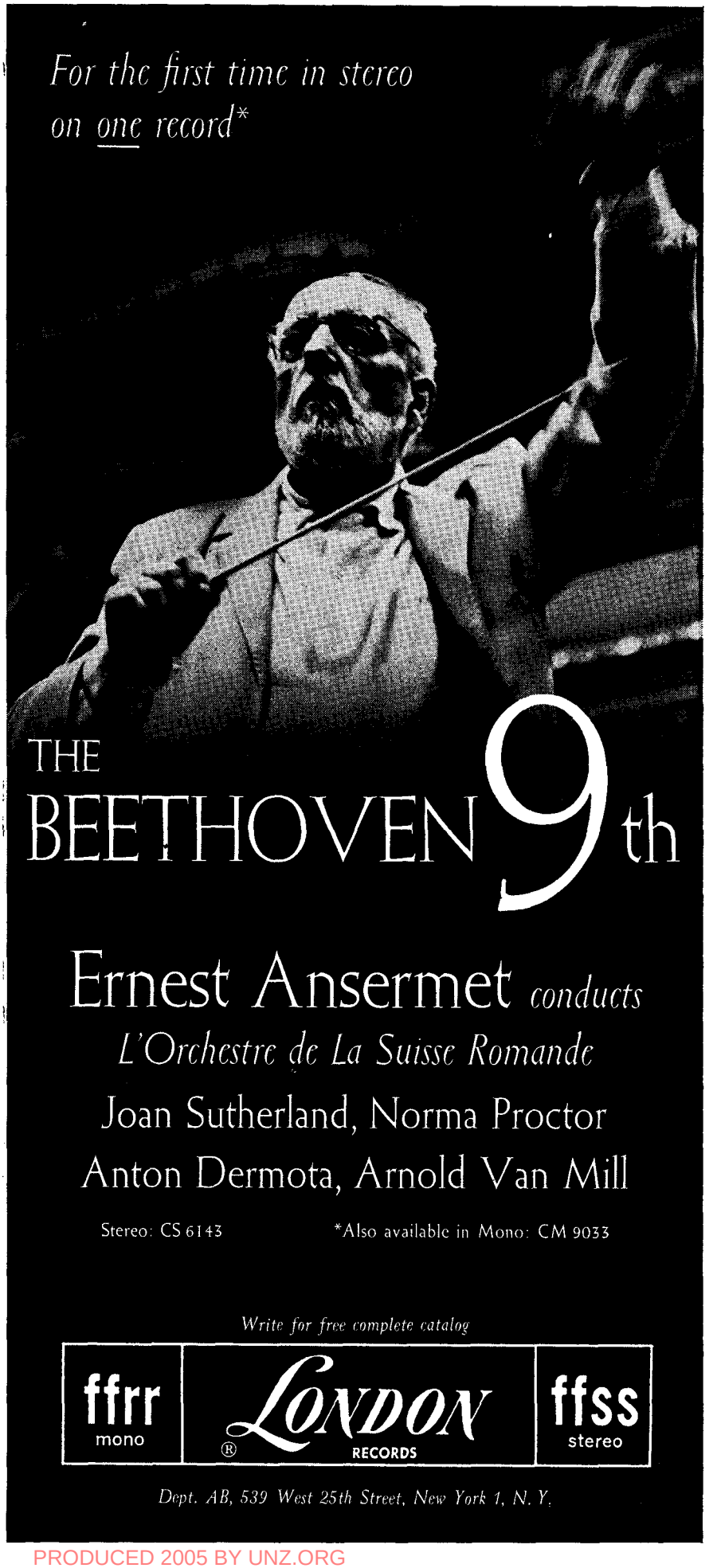
BUSONI: *Toccata, Sonatinas Nos. 1 and 6, Six Elegies. Edward Steuermann, piano.* Contemporary M 6501, $4.98.

If this disc did no more than direct attention to the large size and powerful grasp of Edward Steuermann's musicianship, it would be a welcome oasis in a desert of interpretative mediocrity. In combining a fervent intellectuality with a degree of muscular control rare in a senior member of the musical community (he was sixty-eight a few weeks ago) Steuermann resembles no one so much as the venerable Egon Petri, also a firsthand inheritor (as pupil) of the Busoni tradition.

But it affords a pleasure even more consequential: the privilege of acquaintance with a musical expression as varied and substantial as the mind of the exceptional Italian (German on his mother's side) which produced it. At first contact with the "Prelude, Fantasia, Ciaccona" which make up the Toccata, Busoni's image would be of a musician in love with complication for the sake of complication alone; but when we have sampled the frisky second sonatina (a more than Lisztian, less than Horowitzian reworking of themes from Bizet's "Carmen") and moved on to the affecting sequence of "Elegies" (of which No. 4 utilizes material from "Turandot"), the values come into

sharper focus. In a rehearing, the ideational content of the Toccata emerges as an impulse from which the complications are a growth, not an encrustation.

Pertinently enough, Steuermann points a probing finger (in his provocative commentary) at a relevant question: "There is hardly a professional pianist who would not know some of 'Bach-Busoni'; why do so few know Busoni?" He has his own answer, but some part of the reason, at least, would concern the rare combination of virtuosities (mental and physical) from which these expressions proceeded, their even rarer presence—in the interpretive sense alone—among contemporary pianists. In pointing a way, Steuermann has also pointed a moral: there remain worlds to conquer even for those pianistic Alexanders who think they have exhausted all challenges. Good, if not outstanding, piano sound. —I. K.



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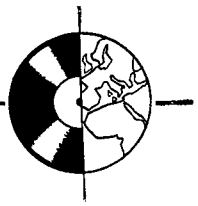
THE OTHER SIDE



Ferrier in "Stereo," Lillie as "Peter"

LONDON.

WHATEVER the inadequacy of the average commercial stereogram, with its built-in speakers rarely more than three feet apart, as shown at this year's Radio Show, stereo itself is now firmly entrenched over here—as the scanty showing of mono models bore absent witness. Nevertheless, much remains to be done to convince many that the kind of stereo they are likely to encounter in the average radio store is a debased commodity, and that a stereo installation that will do justice to the magnificent discs now being produced requires much thought and careful planning (though not extravagant expenditure). Undoubtedly part of our difficulties stems from the fact that adequate demonstrations and knowledgeable advice are hard to come by in this country outside of London, the present situation thus bearing a strong resemblance to that during the first two years of LP—when provincial record shops would have little to do with such "newfangled ideas" and stuck to their 78-rpm discs until the march of events literally forced a change.

It is, of course, clear that mono discs will survive far longer than did 78s, since the fast-growing catalogue of cheap issues and reissues has much to offer even to those already equipped for stereo. Who can resist the lure of such bargains as are to be found on Decca's "Ace of Clubs" label (latest additions include a fine collection of Beethoven Overtures conducted by van Beinum, Fistoulari's two-disc "Swan Lake," and the third and last of Clemens Krauss's delicious "New Year Concerts" of Strauss-family "lollipops") or on the rival projects of Philips, EMI, and DGG? This idea of the cheap reprint, initiated little more than two years ago as a counterblast against cheap-Jack record clubs, has become an integral feature of the British record scene and is likely to remain so, provided bargain-hunters are on their guard against certain well-publicized attempts to use this corner of the market as a dumping ground for inferior products.

Decca-group September issues provide for all tastes, including as they do opera, chamber music, standard orchestral fare, contemporary music, and comic relief. Most surprising, perhaps, is the emergence "in stereo" of Kathleen Ferrier's last recording: the magnificent collection of Bach and Handel arias which dates from October, 1952, just one year before her untimely death. How, you may well ask, can that be, when it is common knowledge that the earliest stereo recordings were made in 1955? The fact is, as Decca is at pains to point out, that this "stereo" disc is something of a fake: a mono recording which has been transformed into a semblance of stereo by the superimposition of a stereophonic accompaniment. In this it resembles certain Caruso discs which in the Thirties were refurbished with electrically recorded accompaniments; but, whereas the latter were usually botched jobs which fooled no one, Decca's engineers and the players under Sir Adrian Boult have performed their tricky grafting operation with such uncanny skill and patience that the result could easily deceive anyone not *au fait* with the facts of the case! Miss Ferrier's glorious contralto sounds lovelier than ever in its enhanced setting, and I feel certain that this labor of love will earn for Decca the gratitude of all who treasure memories of a beloved artist.

To prove that Mozart knew all about stereo, his Notturno for Four Orchestras, K.286, full of delightfully cunning echo effects, is included in an attractive miscellany by the London Symphony under Peter Maag that also features the charming Serenata Notturna, the Overture to "Lucio Silla," and the Interludes from "König Thamos." Another interesting Decca issue couples two great concert arias by Mozart—"Ah, t'invola agl'occhi miei," K.272, and "Non temer, amato bene," K.505, with its remarkable piano obbligato—with Haydn's magnificent "Scena di Berenice" and the Laudamus and Quoniam from his "St. Cecilia Mass," finely sung by Jennifer Vyvyan with Peter Wallfisch and the Haydn Orchestra under Harry Newstone. And, although we already have two stereo recordings of "Le Nozze di Figaro," RCA's new Decca-engineered version from Vienna, with its predominantly American cast (Peters, Tozzi, London, and Elias, Europe being represented by Della Casa and Corena), will be warmly welcomed for the general excellence of the performance and the superior quality of the recording. I was particularly impressed by Peters's charming, accomplished Susanna and by Elias's warm-voiced Cherubino, though Leinsdorf's direction is not as supple as one could wish and the great ensembles are not always watertight in his hands. Could it be that he was momentarily distracted—as I was—at the thought that the parts of the peasant girls in Act III were to be sung by ladies answering to the names of Elysia Field and Appassionata Schultz? (Editor's note: The American issue identified them as the aforementioned Peters and Elias.)

Among the standard orchestral releases there are two Ansermet discs—Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 and Leonore 2; excerpts from "Rosamunde" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—and, on RCA, characteristically smooth Karajan performances of Brahms No. 1 and Beethoven's Seventh together with Munch's breezy and vigorous account of Schubert's "Great" C major Symphony. For students of the contemporary scene, the Decca list features a British Council-sponsored rarity: a record devoted to two of Britain's leading twelve-tone practitioners, Humphrey Searle and Hungarian-born Matyas Seiber. Searle's First Symphony, first performed in 1954, is played here by the London Philharmonic under Boult and emerges as a purposeful, arresting work; Seiber, whose considerable creative gifts are at last beginning to receive some measure of recognition (though he has long been acknowledged as a teacher of uncommon distinction), is represented by his Elegy for Viola and Small Orchestra (played by Cecil Aronowitz) and by his Chamber Cantata based on fragments from Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (with Peter Pears as speaker, and the composer directing the Dorian Singers and the Melos Ensemble).

HILARITY is the keynote of the latest coupling of "Peter and the Wolf" with "Carnival of the Animals"—a fact that is scarcely surprising since the record stars Bea Lillie. Children devoted to the Prokofiev classic will probably scorn her for turning it into an absurd romp in which the narrative is often reworded and laced with constant asides and funny noises, but many parents will undoubtedly relish the joke every now and again—even if it is difficult to understand why Miss Lillie's Peter should wish to endanger his amateur status as a big-game hunter by deciding to "sell" the wolf to the zoo (the Ur-text implies no thought of monetary reward). Saint-Saëns's "fantaisie zoologique" is prefaced by a powerful, though mercifully brief, ensemble of bestial canto recorded at the London Zoo, while the music itself is embellished (if that is the right word) by Miss Lillie's recitation of the now-familiar Ogden Nash verses. I don't feel that the latter altogether

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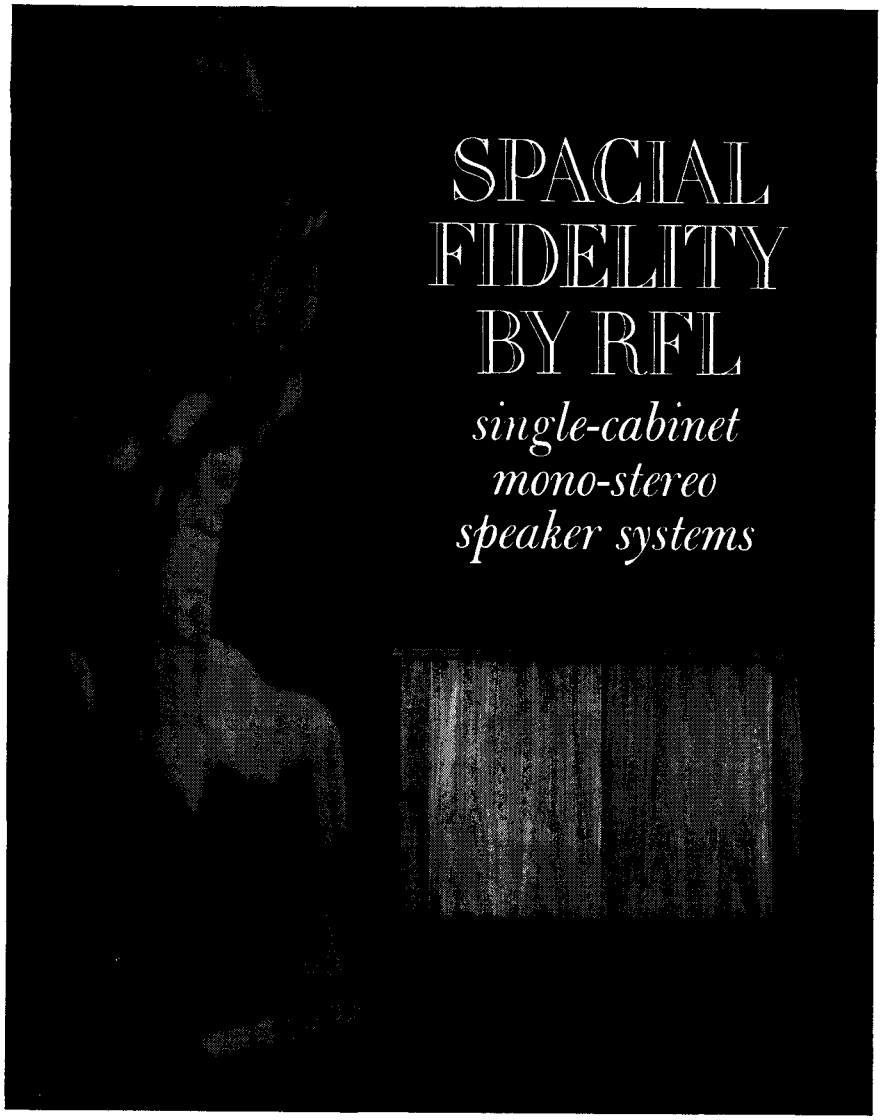
suit this artist: her forte lies in giving absurd twists to perfectly ordinary texts, while Nash's preposterous-Rhinosterous rhymes sounded funnier as delivered by Noel Coward in an earlier recording. The orchestra—not that it matters much in this context—is the London Philharmonic conducted by Skitch Henderson, while the pianists are the formidable Messrs. Katchen and Graffman (who indulge in some clowning of their own in the movement portraying their particular species); the entire romp is superbly recorded.

I must confess that I laughed far more at another recent Decca disc entitled "Hoffnung at the Oxford Union," in which the late, lamented caricaturist, tuba player, and originator of the "crazy concert" is heard talking to an assembly of students. It is almost impossible to describe this incoherent ragbag of funny stories and surrealist whimsy, which concludes with a passionately sincere appeal for racial tolerance and increased government expenditure on the arts. From it emerges a recognizable likeness of one of the few genuine "characters" of our day.

Orchestral EMI discs include splendid Beethoven performances by Otto Klemperer—the stereo version of Symphony No. 2 and the mono disc only of No. 4—while Kempe directs the Berlin Philharmonic in a spacious account of Brahms No. 1, not to mention the same artists' fine Strauss coupling ("Don Quixote," with Tortelier, and "Till Eulenspiegel"), which is now made available in its stereo form. Also issued in stereo is the second of Sir Thomas Beecham's recent Delius collections, that containing the "Florida Suite," Dance Rhapsody No. 2, and "Over the Hills and Far Away," while the month's late arrivals will include no fewer than three new Tchaikovsky discs—Symphony No. 4 (Karajan), "Romeo and Juliet" and the "Casse-Noisette" Suite (Markevitch), and "Sleeping Beauty" excerpts (Philharmonia-Kurtz, with Menuhin)—as well as Beethoven's Second Concerto and the Sonata in D, Opus 10, No. 3 (Arrau and Galliera).

Among the latest DGG stereo arrivals from Germany is a splendid Amadeus coupling of Dvorak's "American" and Brahms's B flat Quartets; Pierre Fournier and Friedrich Gulda emerge as a fine new cello-piano partnership in Beenthoven's A major and C major Sonatas; the new Haeflinger-Bonneau version of Schubert's "Schöne Mullerin," though creditable, seems quite pedestrian after the inspired artistry of Pears and Britten, while the Berlin Philharmonic under Karl Böhm bring us agreeable performances of three Mozart Symphonies: No. 32, "Haffner," and "Prague."

—Thomas Heinitz.



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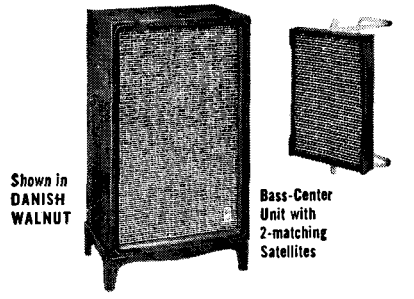

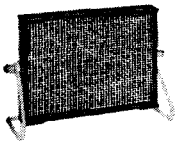

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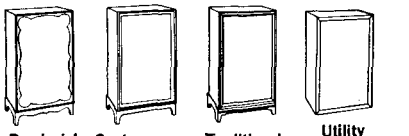

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Jensen LOUDSPEAKERS

Weissenberg

Continued from page 49

keen sense of humor and genius for adaptation. Take, for instance, his hilarious drawings of some celebrated artists like Madame Long and Madame Landowska. In 1952 this aspect of his creative ability was officially recognized by the Pepsi-Cola people, who paid him handsomely for an ingenious sample-collage. At that time his designs for Christmas cards filled a hole in his budget. "They were hard days," he said. "I never felt good until I had a place that really belonged to me," he went on, ending with a cadenza of piquant jokes. In fact, as far as Sigi is concerned, almost everything can turn into a joke. Pointing at the yogurt I was enjoying, he asked if I knew how it was made. I thought I did, but he corrected me. "You must frighten a cow," he said. I remembered a rather more serious joke he once played when he brought me a cake in New York. After one bite I found that I didn't like it. The embarrassed Sigi delicately put the leftover back into the cake, and smoothed the top with his finger so that it looked as good as new. He then packed it into the original box and disappeared without a word. Five minutes later he returned with a new cake: "I just exchanged it. I hope you like this one."

SIGI is a born actor and comic. When a student at the Juilliard School he turned up for a lesson dressed as an old witch. He once planned a movie with Dolores Del Rio; it was never finished. Some years ago he mentioned to me that he had published a book; I am still looking for it. But Sigi's restless imagination and sharp wit find full outlet in his "Home Theatre," where he appears simultaneously as author, director, and actor. His specialty is imitations; his subjects are various celebrities or close but absent friends. Needless to say, the people who fall off their chairs today may be tomorrow's victims. Those who particularly don't want to be "performed" must remember when they visit Sigi to leave their imperfections with their hats and coats. Thanks to his unique personal charm, he usually suffers only a temporary loss of friends. He can fluently talk himself out of trouble in six or seven languages (his wife told me that he speaks Spanish like a native, though he learned it during a short trip).

Everything Sigi touches, he absorbs in the manner of blotting paper, and will borrow what is best from anybody and anything. A genius for adaptation is still a genius, but such a gift is not an unmixed blessing. While his ardent admiration for Rachmaninoff probably turned out to be good for him, his "Horowitz phase" seems to have had the opposite effect. Sigi is anything but demonic. Having many qualities of his own, he could surely have managed without following Horowitz recordings, even to the extent of playing nearly the whole of his specialized repertoire. During this phase Sigi's smooth legato and expressive technique were replaced by a more sharp non-legatish touch that was rather out of place. Sigi, one of the most sensuous pianists I have ever heard, began to sound as if he were ashamed to show emotion. Had anyone pointed this out to him it would have made no difference, as some critics may remember. Whatever the criticism, he could usually recall somebody somewhere who had told him just the opposite—as it was the case with his monotonous repeats in a Bach Partita. And, curiously, when Sigi used to make parodies on how *not* to play, these allegedly exaggerated performances sounded as good as anything imaginable.

NOT that his American setbacks were directly due to this aspect of his personality. The real clue probably lies buried in his personal relationships, which he skilfully cultivates although he is not always able to maintain them. A typical example is his quarrel with Israel, which he is prepared to talk about at great length. They made him welcome when he escaped from the Nazis and gave him citizenship and a passport. After the war, however, Sigi disappointed them by touring South America as a Bulgarian pianist—"I always felt Bulgarian and but for the war I would never have gone to Israel." When called for service in the Israeli army, he refused to leave the U.S., lost his passport and some engagements, and gained an army of enemies. "It would have meant two years without the piano," he explained. When I pointed out that any country would have acted the same way he agreed with several reservations. Our verbal ping-pong continued for some time, until, in his usual manner, he finished the subject off with another joke: "If I had accepted their offer to appear on world platforms as an Israeli pianist, I would have had Israel on my back as an eternal mother-in-law."

Now he enjoys French citizenship (which makes him very proud) and has adapted himself with remarkable *savoir faire* to select society—not necessarily as a pianist. Here in Paris (where he prefers to be called Alexis, his original first name) in the company of some unmusical high official, he may be seen in one of his favorite halls—the Criminal Court. "I *do* appreciate a truly

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'sensational case,'" he says. I discovered another of Sigi's adaptations; perhaps the most puzzling one. He had incorporated into his own arrangement of a popular song, now recorded, one of my best rhythmical patterns, copyrighted but unpublished. "I knew you would like it in its new setting," he said diplomatically. I replied that indeed I did and diplomatically added the hope that I would never be accused of "borrowing" it from him. I should not have been so surprised. Several years ago I had demonstrated to a small circle in New York my comic version of the "Appassionata" (not for Beethoven fanatics!), only to be told by one enlightened listener, "That's Weissenberg's." But it is impossible to be annoyed with Sigi for long. One always returns to his music.

Sigi willingly answered my questions. He never has stage fright, either at home or on the concert platform. "I play best in public, not in private like Godowsky," he says. "I think I am physically set for a big career" (psychologically too, I would say). He told me that he prefers to practise in moderately slow tempo, carefully noting the fingering before studying the piece. His general approach to a composition seems to be ruled by instinct rather than by knowledge, though he can analyze everything he has done. Apart from Rachmaninoff and Horowitz (whom he still regards as "the best pianist in the U.S."), Sigi speaks highly of Lipatti, Kapell, Michelangeli, contemporary Soviet pianists, and, among the younger talents, Ashkenazy and our Joseph Bloch.

Sigi's discography, which is scandalously small, started and almost finished with a single LP made by Columbia (a strange parallel with Michelangeli). In my opinion, the repertoire on this disc has yet to find a more convincing interpreter. The third Prokofiev sonata is an example of top pianistic art in its technical, stylistic, and artistic aspects: dynamic, sensitive, imaginative. In Europe he made two prize-winning records on a little-known French label. One notable pianist recently hesitated to record the Liszt Sonata after listening to Sigi's expressive version. Also on these discs were Liszt's "Funérailles" and Sonetto 104, Haydn's Sonata in E flat, and Czerny's "Ricordanza"—all previously recorded in masterful manner by Horowitz. The less serious Sigi recorded two pop discs incognito. The earlier record billed him as Mr. Nobody, though he was promoted for the second one to Mr. Mystery (perhaps he has since been further promoted to Mr. Somebody?). It is a pity that so far Sigi has not recorded the Rachmaninoff Second and Third Concertos, Mozart's A major, or the Shostakovitch, which I have often heard him play. The Chopin E minor was recorded, but privately; while his imposing "Petrouchka" still vegetates in unexposed RCA archives. My own "archives" trapped some unique examples which were recorded by Sigi at my New York flat in 1947. His qualities triumph despite the primitive machine, the broken upright, and the impossible acoustics. His version of the difficult Rachmaninoff prelude in E flat minor is among the finest readings I have. I am convinced that there are not many pianists today (perhaps not even Sigi) who can make the piano sound like this.

Having closely watched the striking fluctuations in Sigi's art over the past sixteen years, I am certain that his creative path is by no means finished. All too often audiences (and even some critics), quick to boil and quick to cool, forget genius as quickly as they "discovered" it. Not quite so with musicians, who usually arrive at more lasting judgments. Milstein and Balsam, for instance, who recognized Sigi's talent many years ago.

As far as the United States is concerned, what next for Weissenberg? "America is still the most important musical center, and, if necessary, I will wait years to come back," he told me. "Yes, I do realize that other people have a point of view, but they will have to respect mine" (again those echoes of Michelangeli). As for his present pianistic form, let me state once more: it is excellent. One cannot tell where his next fluctuation will take him. But let us hope it's to Carnegie Hall.

Recordings in Review

Continued from page 53

lads" (Angel 35608). These profited from being sung in English, a language Miss Farrell has learned to project as clearly as John McCormack. I do not find her French nearly so distinguishable, and her German is audible but often unidiomatic. She makes a beautiful sound in most of the French songs (especially "Voyage à Paris" and "C") and in Schumann's "Mein schöner Stern," but one mood tends to be treated very much like another. Her Schubert sounds like no one else's, which is to say, un-Schubertian. And Trovillo is much less apt on this side than on the other.

So far as emotional identification is concerned, Miss Farrell's singing of Rodgers and Weill, Lane and Blane has all the *innigkeit* lacking in her Schubert. She has, indeed, a warm and compelling feeling for such ballads as "Glad to Be Unhappy," "Supper Time," "Old Devil Moon," and "Ev'rytime." But the heated up, pseudo-jazz deliveries of "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues" and "Blues in the Night" are no more than crude, good for home entertainment, but unlikely to be marketed by a reputable company (complete with encomiums from its "brass" including Mitch Miller and John Hammond) save to take advantage of public curiosity in this season of her Metropolitan debut. Florence Foster Jenkins never had it so good. —I.K.

Holiday

By Edward Kessler

As free as a god in his leisure,
Reserved in my Pullman, warm and immune,
I nodded to boys in their weathered houses
And to a solitary farmer tied to a plow.

After sunset I looked down on couples
Dressed to go out of each faded town.
Hungry as moths they gathered by streetlights,
With nothing to do but watch me pass.

Often I saw in southern depots
Negroes asleep on the travelling mail
Or pushing old trunks on another vacation.
I hurried by faces like time.

It was late when I got to the seashore.
It was cold and I built-up a fire
From driftwood and fallen pine branches.
At the sound of my step crickets died.

Then the train, making time, was upon me.
A machine gun of lights. And I fell
Under the gaze of those vivid faces,
Caught by a country surrounded by night.

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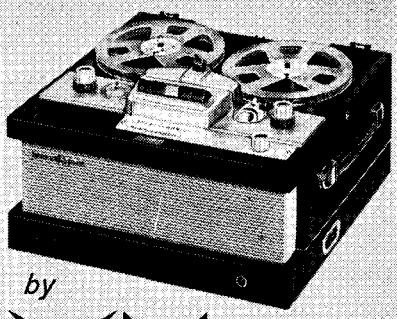

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THIS IS our annual report from the Maine coast, and will begin with a historical speculation which may be of interest to the archivists of jazz. The guess is hazarded here that the Hennessy Five Star Orchestra of Squirrel Island, Maine, is the world's oldest jazz band still operating under its original name. This is not said as a vaunt on the part of a man who has dared the slide whistle or trombone since the second year of the band's inception. I am simply trying to do my bit for the realms of scholarship, and will welcome news of any combination even more druidic than the Hennessy.

And so to the facts. Let me say at the outset that my use of the term "jazz band" implies a primarily improvising, as against a note-reading, group. This immediately eliminates from consideration such hoary dance bands as that of Eddie Wittstein, who was playing "Tulip Time" in New Haven under the consulship of Arthur Twining Hadley. (As a matter of fact, no member of the Hennessy has so much as contemplated a written note of music while working under the Five Star banner). With this matter disposed of, I can proceed to say that the Hennessy first swung into quasi-musical action during the summer of 1921. This makes the band roughly contemporaneous with Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds, long since extinct, and a precursor of the Original Memphis Five, ditto. I am, as I say, avid for correction, but so far as I know the only prevailing jazz band which approaches the Hennessy in longevity is that of Duke Ellington.

This is good company to be in. Like the Ellington ensemble, the Hennessy has had its ups and downs, its eccentricities and pretensions, its earthiness and its grandeurs. Years ago there was one rather dubious piece of symbolism when a rendition of "After the Storm" was offered with the bandsmen dressed in yellow oilskins. One Hennessy sideman has been known to affect the musical saw, a difficult instrument to play staccato, and another good friend of the Maine State Liquor Commission has been known, for sufficient reason, as "the folding pianist." Hennessy trombonists have attempted their instruments while up to their necks in salt water, and a rash accordion player has courted publicity by standing on his head.

On the other hand, there have been times when, assisted by the crystal gleam of the Maine coast, the band has seemed to shine in an unearthly light, as when it played from a high cottage tower in syncopated cousinship with the Bach brass choir of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. On that radiant afternoon it was answered, antiphonally, by a lady tuba player, or *tubeuse*, stationed far across the cove. Nor are those who heard them likely to forget Denny Bement, who sounded more like Bix Beiderbecke than anyone in the jazz lexicons, or Walker Field, a trombonist of subtle invention and walloping power. Thanks to the tape recorder, they still live in our ears.

Last year in this space I propounded some of the priniciples that have helped keep the Hennessy alive. There is little to add after this thirty-ninth season, except the gratifying assurance that we have not only *not* played "The Saints"—we have even announced that we did not propose to play it. No diminution in the public enthusiasm was visible. I believe that a unified effort along this line by bandsmen throughout the nation would yield results especially soothing in this tumultuous election year. In the absence of our leader and first clarinetist, who was lecturing in Switzerland on the kidneys, we experienced no lack of the bonhomie without which no jazz band can survive, but I would like to assure him publicly that he was sorely missed.

Such personal notes as the foregoing have been kindly permitted me, during my summer vacations, by the management of *Saturday Review*. But of course it is the regular business of this column to call attention to jazz records of merit, and the find of the month seems to me to be the album "Like Previn!" by the pianist André Previn, with Red Mitchell, bass, and Frankie Capp, drums (Contemporary M3575). Here the leader presents eight of his own compositions. It is tempting to call them a French Suite in the Jazz Idiom. They vary widely in mood, are unfailingly subtle, polished, rhythmically puissant. I am particularly taken by the slow ballad "Sad Eyes" and the piquant, angular, Latinesque "Tricycle." Previn's superb general musical background has never been more in evidence. I am a thorough devotee of all the high American jazz styles; I am also addicted to the International style which Previn has developed and I believe that the future will inevitably bring a great deal of music in this general direction. The spread of advanced musical culture among young musicians would seem to guarantee such a development. —WILDER HOBSON.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

"FAUST" A LA RUSSE

PERHAPS THERE IS someone on the recordings staff of *SR* who may be able to answer this query.

I should explain that I am stationed with a unit of the USAF on the Black Sea coast of Turkey. Our chief source of music here is Radio Moscow—or that network of the Soviet radio system which (very much like the BBC Third Programme) broadcasts only music, plays, and opera. The other evening I heard a broadcast of a performance of Gounod's "Faust" (sung in Russian)—probably a recording of a performance from the Bolshoi. At the end of the final act, after the Prison Scene, came the Epilogue, just as is customary in the performances I've seen and heard, but suddenly (even while the audience was applauding vigorously the choral singing accompanying Marguerite's apotheosis to celestial regions) the scene seemed to change and there followed the complete Walpurgisnacht Scene, after which the opera ended. I have been wondering if this is the normal sequence of performance in Russia and whether this arrangement is an attempt to avoid having the opera end on a decidedly religious note.

JAMES SHORTELL.
APO 329, New York, N.Y.

RAMIN'S "PASSION"

HERBERT WEINSTOCK in his recent article [*SR*, July 30] is quite right. There are Passions and Passions but only two that stand out: Ramin's and Scherchen's versions (plus the Mengelberg if you like).

However, apropos the Ramin version, Clough and Cuming contend erroneously that the cuts were made to eliminate all references to the Jews. There are relatively few references in the St. Matthew Passion (about eight in all) to the Jews and things Jewish, but the following five references are included in the Ramin version, made in Nazi Germany:

No. 32—Judas—"Gegrüsset seist du, Rabbi!"
No. 52—Pilate—"Bist du der Juden König?"
No. 62—Chorus—"Gegrüsset seist du, O Judenkönig!"
No. 67—Chorus—"Ist er der König Israels?"
No. 71—Jesus—"Eili, Eili lama lama sabathani."

It is strange that these instances were not deleted as in the case of Mascagni's wartime "L'Amico Fritz" recording where the Rabbi is called "Dottore."

I believe the cuts were made, as in concert performances, to save time and space. An uncut Passion would take countless 78s and would not have sold as well as the sixteen-record version that included the most important numbers. The only cut that galls me is that Karl Erb is given the recitative preceding "Geduld, Geduld!" but the aria is eliminated entirely. In spite of all, however, it is still the definitive performance.

GERARD DARROW,
"The Language of Music,"
WEVD Radio.
New York, N.Y.

MORE ON POULENC

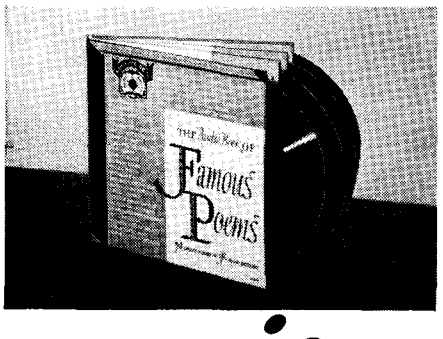
IN YOUR ISSUE of July 30, there is a letter from Mr. Harry L. Hornback of Paris, France, in which he states, in part, as follows: "So far as I know, the 'Concert Champêtre' [for harpsichord and orchestra by Francis Poulenc] has been heard in America only in the 1947 performance by Landowska and the New York Philharmonic under Stokowski."

I would like most respectfully to call to Mr. Hornback's attention—and to the attention of your readers—that this work was also performed by the Philharmonic (under Mitropoulos) in New York on November 14, 1948, with Poulenc himself as the piano soloist.

RANDOLPH S. ROTHSCHILD.
Baltimore, Md.

"KIJE" WITH BARITONE

I WISH TO RAISE an unimportant pedantic point in reference to the review in the



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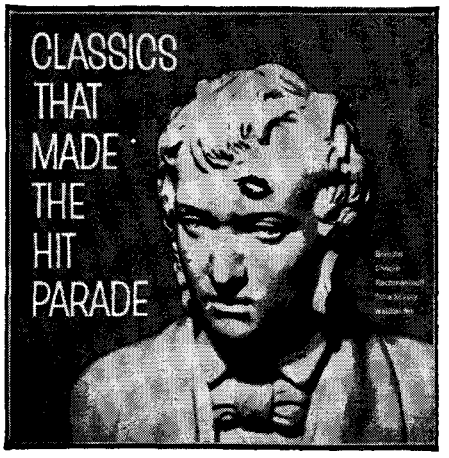

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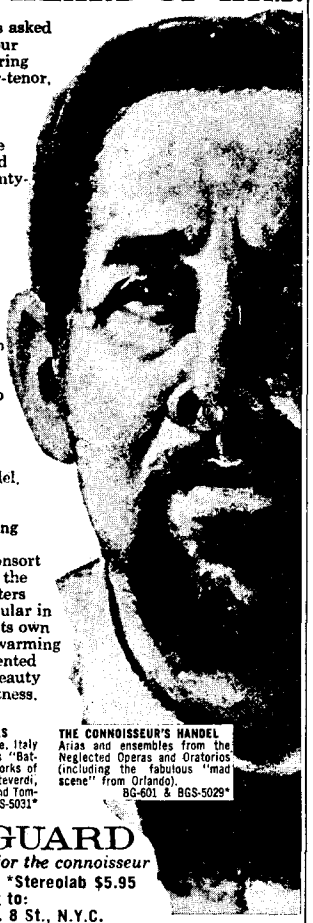

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August 27 issue of the new Leinsdorf recording of Prokofiev's "Lt. Kijé" Suite, featuring a baritone soloist instead of the more usual instrumentation.

The reviewer, Irving Kolodin, states that in this version with baritone "the record catalogues now offer something previously not available. . . ." Actually, once upon a time, in the early years of long-playing records, such a version was available. Royale long-playing records, low-priced entries roughly along the lines later followed by Entré and Camden, included among diverse titles a version of "Kijé" featuring a baritone, performed by —I think—the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Royale, of course, is today defunct.

A. K. Loss.

Hanover, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The disc was never available for review.*

TAPE FLAKES

IN ABOUT 1948, when home recorders became available, I started making tapes of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts and have continued, off and on, up to the present, going through five recorders and contributing roughly $20 per month to the tape manufacturing industry.

Imagine my despair, recently, to find my "Tannhäuser" (1948), "Salome" and "Tristan" (1949), "Flying Dutchman" (1950), and "Meistersinger" (1952) completely or partially "lost" due to red oxide shedding from the plastic base. Investigation showed I still have some tapes from '49, '50, '51, and '52 in good condition, and no tapes purchased subsequent to 1952 show signs of flaking—as yet. But these are irreparable losses and I seek contact with other "tapists" who may have had the same experience and would consider collaboration in restoring whole performances out of portions still unimpaired.

Also, does anyone know of any treatment that may be applied to prevent later tapes from eventually going the same way?

GEOFFREY H. LLOYD.

Oahu, Hawaii.

HAT, NOT STEAK

IN MARTIN BERNHEIMER'S article "Spoleto, 1960" [*SR*, July 30] there is a typographical error in the name of the opera by Hans Werner Henze: "The Prince of Homburg." (Homburg and Hamburg are located at entirely different parts of Germany.)

HANS A. ILLING.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our Homburg is off to Henze.*

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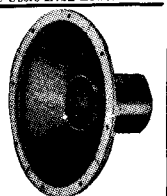

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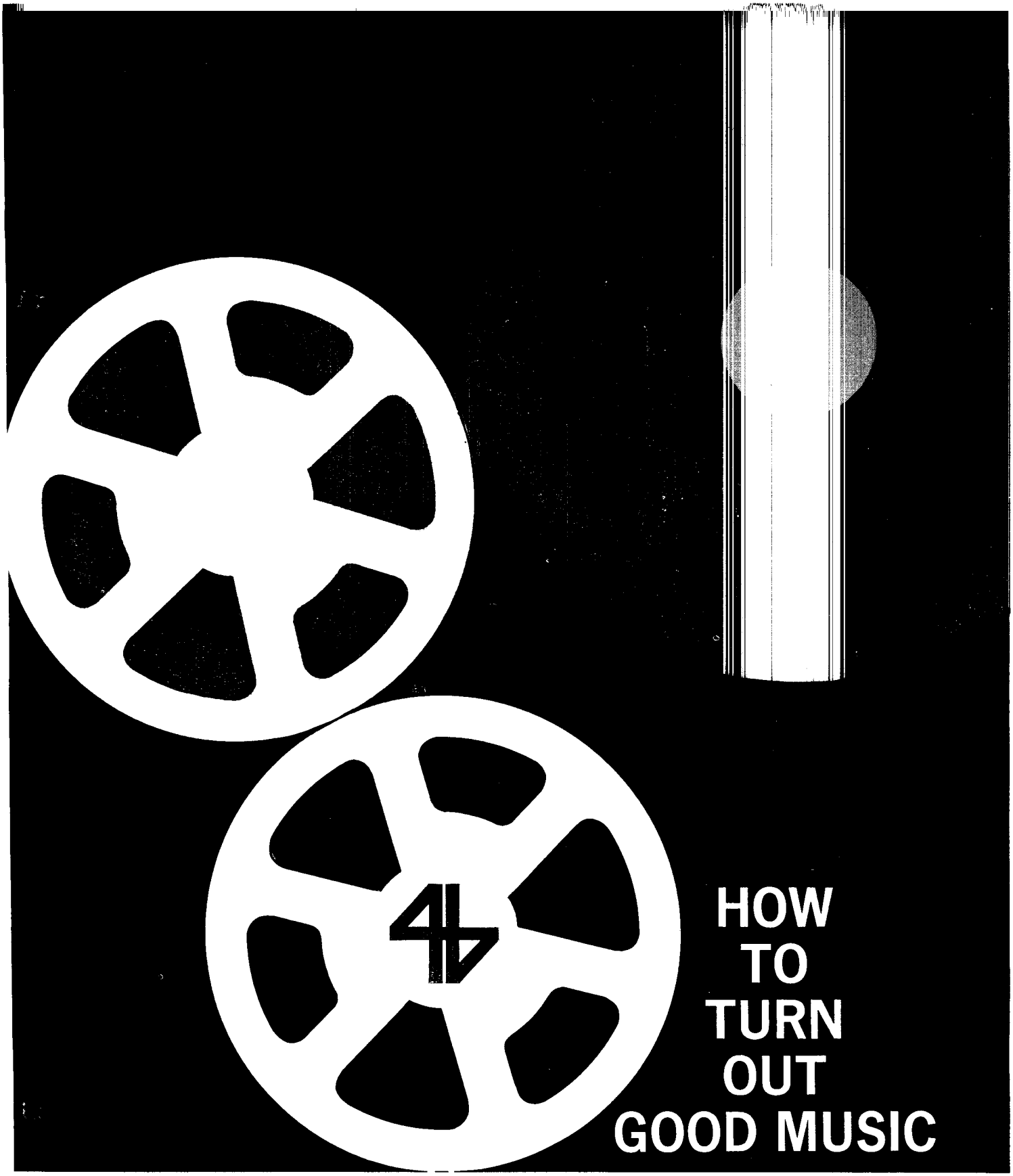

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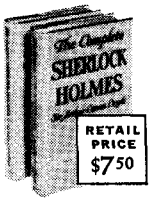

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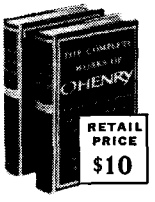

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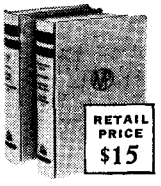

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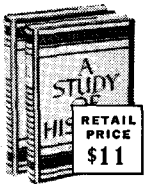

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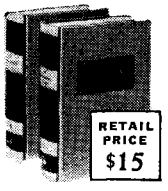

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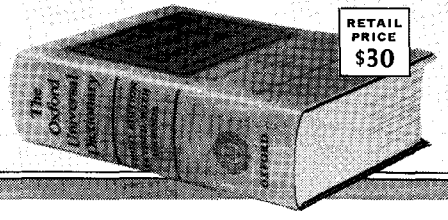

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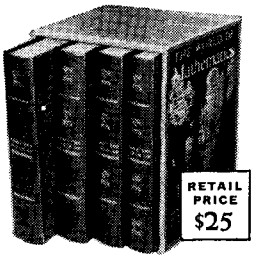

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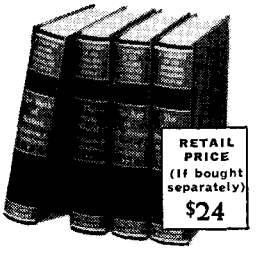

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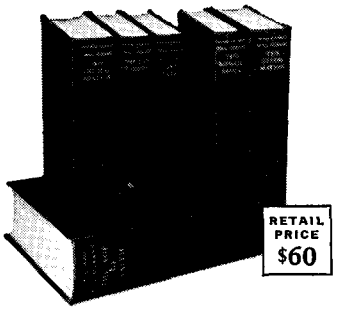

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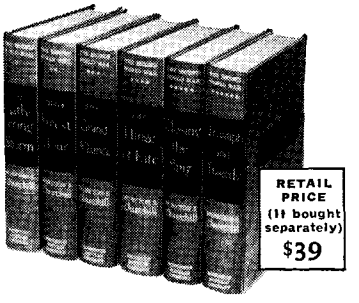

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